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Saturday Review

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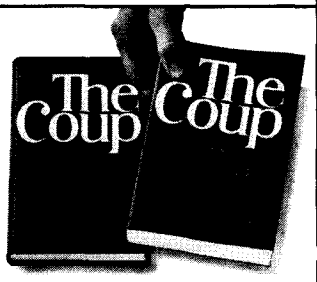

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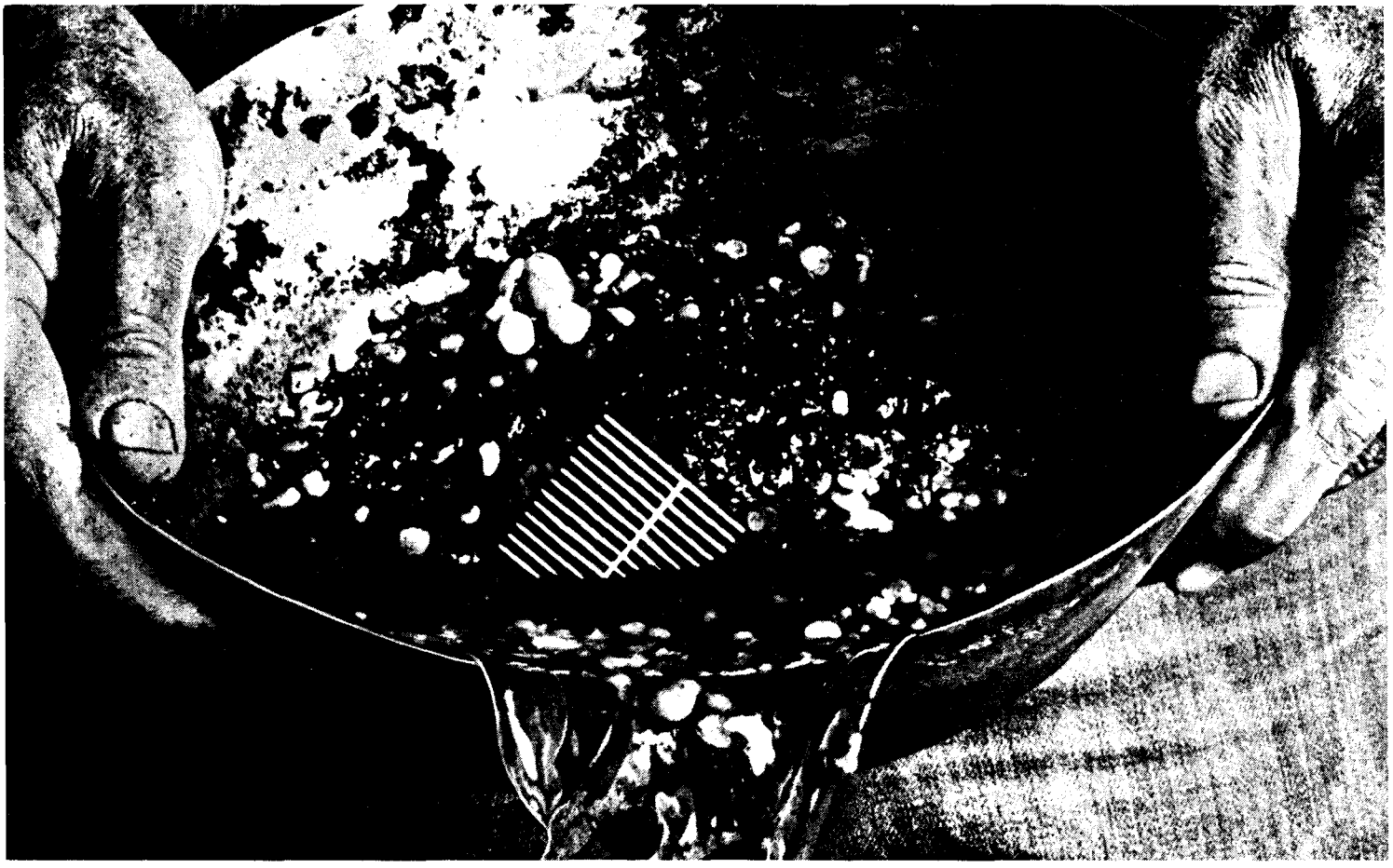

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Saturday Review

CONTENTS

February 17, 1979

4 **Letters**

6 **Front Runners**

8 **Editorial** by N.C. *New prospects for American medicine*

10 **Business** by Jonathan Evan Maslow *Cleveland's woes*

Issues

14 **Alaska: The Great Land War** by Susan Schiefelbein *Congressmen are choosing sides for the environmental debate of the century—whether to protect or develop Alaska's wilderness. Will our last frontier become the next Detroit?*

21 **Turning the Tide on Gay Rights** by Roger M. Williams *A victorious battle to keep gay-rights ordinances on the books in Seattle may have taught gay leaders how to win future votes across the nation*

Gifts of Love A Special Section

26 **A Valentine Portfolio** by Horace Sutton, Peter Andrews, Clifton Fadiman and Sam Aaron, Irving Kolodin, Walter Terry, Owen Edwards, and the editors of *Saturday Review*, plus three pages of "giveables" for the season

Pleasures

45 **The Beeb's Bard** by Roland Gelatt *Imported Shakespeare*

49 **Music** by Irving Kolodin *Berg's* Lulu *revealed*

50 **The Movies** by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. *Deer hunter, man slayer*

52 **Theater** by Martin Gottfried *Michael Bennett's mule*

53 **Books** *Tim O'Brien finds that Craig Nova's* Incandescence *shines but lacks depth; John Fludas talks about prankster poet Witter Bynner*

56 **Books in Brief**

58 **Trade Winds** by Walter Arnold *Glamour boy*

64 **The Back Door** by Carll Tucker *A monster's bill of rights*

57 **Wit Twister No. 136** 57 **Literary Crypt No. 124**

63 **Double-Crostic No. 165**

Cover by Isadore Seltzer

Cartoonists: Clarence Brown, Don Dougherty, M. Stevens, Nurit Karlin

SATURDAY REVIEW published biweekly (except monthly during August and December) by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019, (212) 246-9700. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$16; two years—$28; three years—$36 (all other countries—additional postage $3 per year). Vol. 6, No. 4. February 17, 1979. Back issues $1.50 each. Entered as second-class mail (940460) in New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Canadian postage paid at Montreal, P.Q., Canada. © 1978 by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. assumes no responsibility for any noncommissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340, or call toll-free (800) 247-5470.

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LETTERS

Hunting: Pros and Cons

I was shocked and disappointed to see Jonathan Evan Maslow's article "Stalking the Black Bear" in the December issue. It is full of misleading and erroneous statements.

Maslow states that "sport hunting does not at present jeopardize a single species.... " In fact, countless animals are threatened by legal sport hunting, including the bobcat, the bighorn sheep, the leopard, the jaguar, and the mountain lion in some areas. Even the grizzly bear, which is on the Interior Department's list of "threatened" species, is still hunted in Montana.

He also quotes Helstrom as blaming the slaughter of the grizzly bears in Yellowstone Park on the "gung-ho environmentalists" who went to court to shut down the garbage dumps at which the bears were feeding. Actually, the Interior Department shut down the dumps *against the advice* of conservationists. Maslow is correct only in asserting that most of the grizzlies were killed; the environmentalists, not the hunters, saved the few remaining bears.

Lewis Regenstein
Vice President
The Fund for Animals
Washington, D.C.

Jonathan Evan Maslow's article reflects the tired old editorial position of *Field and Stream* and the National Rifle Association rather than that of a forward-looking, intellectually responsible journal. There is sport in tracking a bear, as any reader of William Faulkner knows, but what sport is there in tramping through the woods following dogs who do the tracking? To say that the killing is "secondary"—that the lesson of the hunt is not in the killing—makes the act all the more reprehensible.

Barbara Burn
Bronx, New York

That a large, urban-oriented magazine like *Saturday Review* would document some of the true feelings and aspirations of all worthy sport hunters is indeed refreshing. Perhaps there is hope yet of easing the blood, guts, and booze image inflicted on all hunters by misinformed urbanites and anti-hunters.

Harry J. Hayes
Gouldsboro, Pennsylvania

Hail the Heroes

I enjoyed your hero portfolio [December] and certainly applaud your selection. However, you omitted an outstanding hero—George Crumb. During a 15-year period when most American avant-garde composers were toying with new sounds for the sake of newness, one man had the compositional genius to infuse beauty into his music while expertly carrying forth the exploration of new resources.

Theodore Hoffman
Lutz, Florida

May I, as a long-time *Saturday Review* subscriber, congratulate you on "A Portfolio of Portraits by Hiro." It's worth my entire subscription price!

David D. Thompson
Bethel, Maine

The December *SR* on living heroes will, no doubt, prompt readers to suggest additional names. I nominate your own Norman Cousins. His commonsense editorials and humanitarian activities over the years have been an inspiration to all of us who feel we know him and appreciate his contributions to the quality of life worldwide.

Louise O. Eckerson
Washington, D.C.

Paul Zweig errs in stating that "by the 16th and 17th century, heroes had become comic figures, like Don Quixote ["The Hero in Literature," December]. The greatest epic of English literature, *Paradise Lost*, was published in 1667, 62 years after *Don Quixote*. Milton's stated intent, to "assert eternal providence/ and justify the ways of God to man," admits no element of comedy. Zweig's discussion of the hero would have been strengthened by investigation of the paradox of Satan as hero.

Martin Shockley
Professor Emeritus
North Texas State University
Denton, Texas

Red Power

Mark Kellogg's article ["Indian Rights: Fighting Back With the White Man's Weapons," November 25] was tantalizing in its treatment of increasing pressure on American Indian tribes' natural-

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resource rights. However, Kellogg only touched upon one of many different external pressures on the exercise of their rights and integrity.

To effectively allow Indian people to learn the white man's technology, law, and other skills, they must be given opportunities to assume control of their own social welfare programs. Private agencies must move to hand over the reins of self-determination by having Indian communities set social welfare priorities and by placing Indian people in major posts of administrative responsibility.

David L. Guyer
President
Save the Children
Westport, Connecticut

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY 3 PUZZLES

WIT TWISTER No. 135 (page 54)
team, mate, tame, meat

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 164 (page 55)

(OSCAR) WILDE: A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE

Youth has a kingdom waiting for it. Everyone is born a king, and most people die in exile, like most kings. To win back my youth ... there is nothing I wouldn't do—except take exercise, get up early, or be a useful member of the community.

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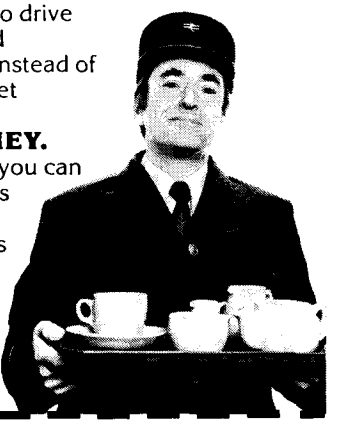

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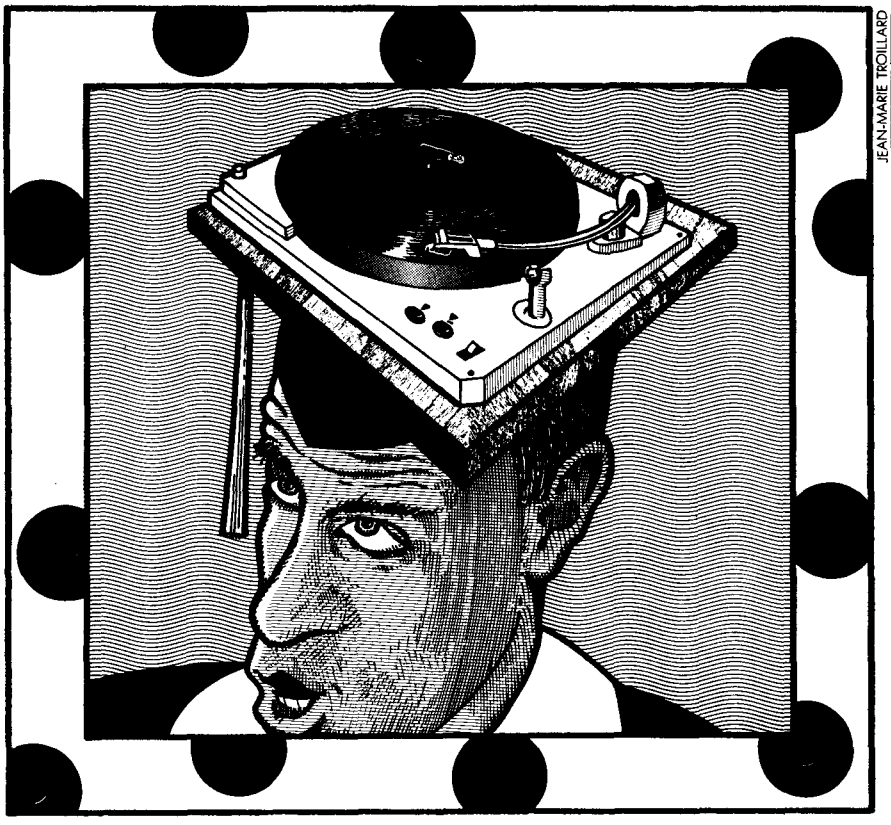

JEAN-MARIE TROILLARD

Discological Inquiries

As disco has climbed aboard the pop culture gravy train, hurtling from cult pastime to major industry, its priesthood has begun to adopt a respectability befitting the graver professions. The burgeoning society of platter-spinners already boasts a trade magazine, *Discothekin'*, "an experimental research institute," and a professional society.

The publication is already a doddering antique of three years' vintage; but its research and development arm, Fifth Avenue, shimmied into being only last October. Fifth Avenue is a discotheque, established by the scholars of the magazine, "in which new concepts for the expansion of the disco entertainment environment will be tested and analyzed," according to publisher Alex Kabbaz.

Among the concepts under analysis at this "editorial laboratory," as Kabbaz grandiloquently terms it, are "parlor games such as chess, backgammon, dominoes, checkers, and cards, audience-controlled laser light shows, large-screen slide presentations such as *Discothekin*'s 'Discos of the World,' video and movie features, and many other kinds of fun for our guests." Including dancing.

But the bureaucratization of disco has advanced far beyond a mere research facility. DJs have organized into the International Association of Programmers and Technicians, a 375-member group whose aim, according to president Rocky Jones, is "professionalizing the disc jockeys, making them more conscious of what they're supposed to be doing and how to do it." DJs apparently suffer from a reputation for footlooseness. Membership in the IAPT will impart an aura of reliability to the individual disc jockey.

As for unionization, disco owners can breathe easy. The AFL-CIO has been casting a longing eye at the group, but Jones reports that the IAPT is not yet ready for that step.

Old Soldiers Never Learn

Former President Richard Nixon may have kicked off a trend when he ruminated upon past failures in England last fall. An audience of Oxford students heard an impenitent Nixon allow that he had "screwed up" on Watergate. The fog had barely lifted when another prophet-without-honor-in-his-own-country, General William C. Westmoreland, came riding into London for a December reunion of survivors of the Battle of the Bulge. The former chief of U.S. land forces in Vietnam startled a press conference with the following reinterpretation of military history:

"The Tet offensive was misrepresented to the American people by the media. It was the last despairing attack by the defeated North Vietnamese....We inflicted a severe military defeat on the VC, and if we had followed up, it would have been downhill all the way."

And why didn't we follow up? You guessed it: "a failure of will." The general had readied a masterstroke involving a full-scale land invasion of North Vietnam, and requiring "only another 200,000 men." The war would have ended "within a year." But at the last moment Washington, confused by "the false assessment given by the media," throttled Westmoreland's role as the Eisenhower of Indochina.

Unabathed

Japan's delicate curtain of deportment has, alas, been lifted. That tactful nation, where the pouring of tea is an act of piety, now sanctions group bathing among strangers of the opposite sex. According to the German magazine *Der Stern*, the Arita Kanko Hotel, near Osaka, provides its guests with a bathhouse-cablecar that takes them on a half-hour round trip 400 feet above the Pacific. Here, far from inquiring eyes, eight guests sit in individual tubs, rhapsodizing over the view and sipping drinks.

Old-timers may wistfully recall that unisex bathing was forbidden in Yokohama for 100 years "because it makes foreigners uncomfortable."

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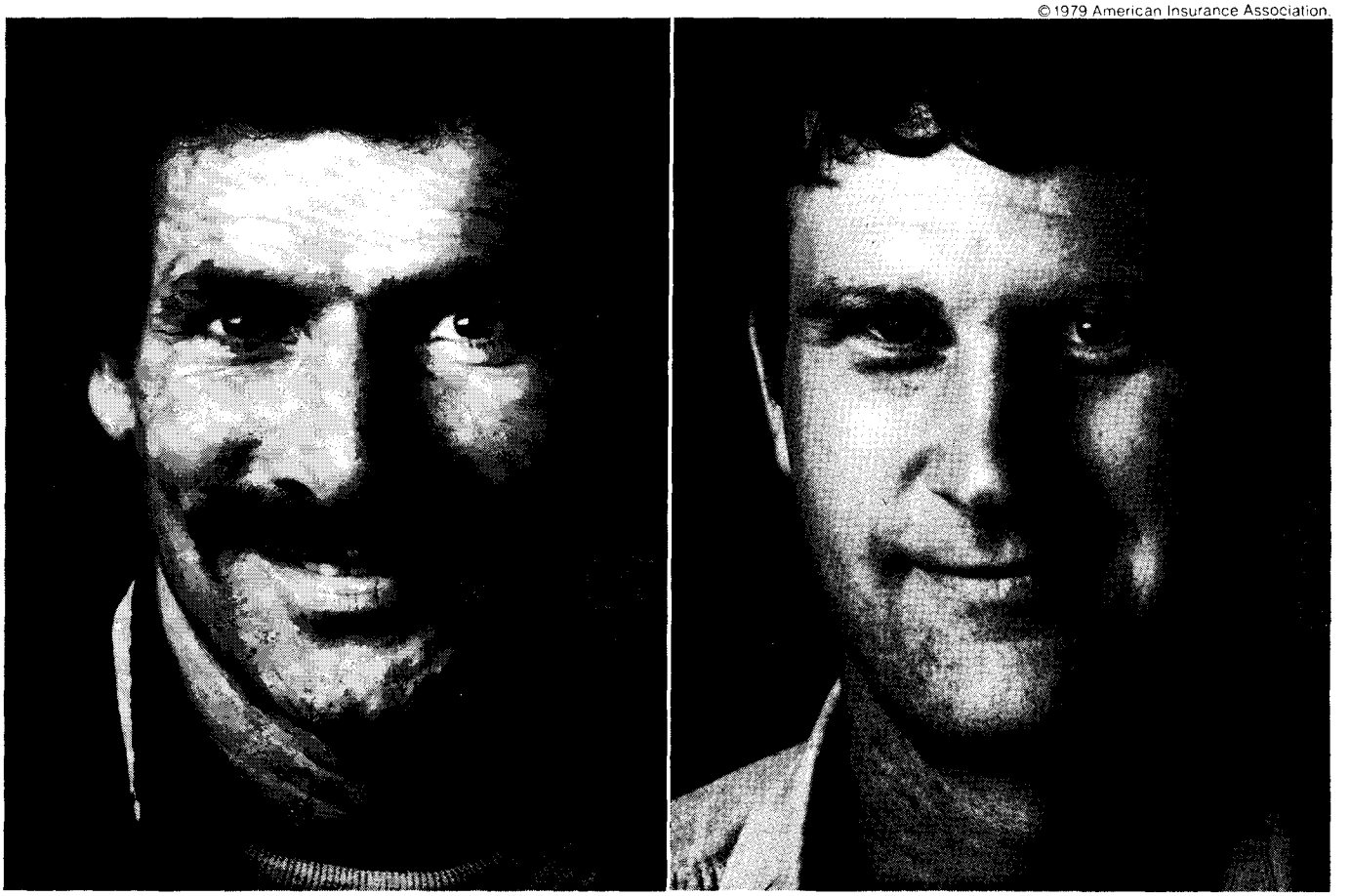

One of these men has a good job, coaches his son's baseball team and drives without insurance.

He really doesn't want to. But his budget's tight. Inflation is driving the cost of everything up. So he's trying to get by without insurance. That's taking a big risk. For himself and everyone else on the road with him.

That bothers us. We're a major group of property and casualty insurance companies and we don't like high costs any more than you do. Unfortunately, the cost of accident repairs and injury claims has risen more than the rate of general inflation itself.

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We want to keep the cost of insurance down. After all, helping you afford insurance helps us too. There isn't much we as a single industry can do to stop inflation. But we're doing our best. There are several things you can do to help. Most importantly, don't be like the man on the right. Don't drive without car insurance. Even in times of inflation, the security of car insurance isn't a luxury, it's a necessity.

*Source: The Bureau of Labor Statistics, U.S. Department of Labor

Here's what we're doing to keep costs down:

- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars more crash resistant and highways safer.
- Investigating injury and repair claims more thoroughly.
- Cracking down on insurance fraud practices through the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute.
- Supporting a pricing system that allows more pricing competition within the industry.
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EDITORIAL

New Prospects for American Medicine

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, one of America's most distinguished physicians and philosophers of medicine, once proposed some perennial questions for doctors:

How does your knowledge stand today?
What must you expect to forget?
What remains for you yet to learn?

In recent years, many people have had the impression that the medical profession has been disdainful of such questions. There is ample reason to be encouraged, however, by what happened at the recent national convention of the American Medical Association. The doctors were thinking and talking in ways that would have been deeply pleasing to advocates of holistic health.

For years, the American doctor has been pictured as being too magisterial, too indifferent to patients' opinions, too wedded to prescription pads, too inclined to overmedicate, too casual about the importance of nutrition in preventing illness or combating it, too antagonistic to vitamins, too reluctant to recognize that the human mind can be a powerful factor in overcoming disease.

Yet what happened at the medical convention should be deeply reassuring to all those who believe that the maintenance of good health, rather than the treatment of breakdowns, is where the emphasis of modern medicine ought to be. Doctors were urged to try to persuade their patients to pay greater attention to the basic rules of good health—good food, enough rest, sufficient exercise, clean air.

First, doctors were encouraged to exercise greater restraint in the prescription of powerful drugs. Since most of the pressure for prescribing such drugs comes from the patients themselves, doctors were urged to re-educate their patients about the difference between illnesses that the body can handle itself and that are self-limiting—as are most illnesses—and those illnesses that require intervention by a doctor. Patients need confidence in their ability to recover. The doctor can instill and nurture that confidence.

Next, the importance of a compassionate and sympathetic attitude by the doctor was stressed. It was recognized that the practice of medicine is becoming too impersonal and that what most patients need, even more than exotic medications and technological diagnostic marvels, is a warm and personal relationship with their doctors. Curing and caring are closely connected.

It was also encouraging to learn that the trend to overspecialization in recent decades is apparently coming to an end. Twenty-five percent of all medical students today have indicated an intention to go into family practice. Traditionally, the specialists hang up their shingles in big cities. An increase in the number of family doctors means that people in small cities and towns will have more doctors to attend to their health needs.

One of the most interesting sessions was concerned with longevity. Despite the fact that life expectancy for a newborn has increased by 20 years since the turn of the century, the average life expectancy of a 35-year-old is virtually the same as it was in 1900. The reason for this curiosity is traceable to the conquest of most of the childhood diseases, which tends to skew longevity statistics. Meanwhile, lower mortality rates are partially responsible for the vast increase in the 60-and-over population, a development that is producing a rapid expansion in the science of geriatrics. At one of the AMA sessions, compassion was given even more weight than medication in the care of the elderly.

The role of nutrition in warding off disease was prominently discussed at the convention. As for vitamins, perhaps nothing is more symbolic of the new mood in American medicine than the fact that Linus Pauling, high priest of vitamin C, should have been invited to address one of the general sessions. Ever since Pauling wrote a book almost 10 years ago on the efficacy of ascorbic acid in preventing and treating the common cold, the medical establishment has been less than enthusiastic about the medical theories of the Nobel Prize winner. It was said that he was a superb biochemist but that he had no credentials in the field of medicine.

Despite this opposition, Pauling continued his research into the therapeutic qualities of vitamin C, asserting that ascorbic acid is helpful in the treatment of virtually every disease. He described the work of Dr. Ewan Cameron, of Scotland, who demonstrated that large doses of vitamin C have prolonged the lives of cancer victims. Dr. Cameron does not claim that he has found a cure for cancer, but it seems clear to him that there is something in vitamin C that retards malignancy.

Linus Pauling has written and lectured about these findings. Many physicians have felt that he was doing a disservice to cancer sufferers and their families by creating false hopes. But the respectful hearing he received at the AMA meeting reflected the new spirit in medicine. Pauling spoke to the doctors for more than one hour, providing evidence to support his belief that ascorbic acid bolsters the body's immunological system.

Obviously, the events of a single convention cannot be regarded as definitive evidence of a new approach or outlook for an entire profession. Just the same, it was difficult to be at these meetings and not be impressed by the winds of change that are blowing through American medicine today. —N.C.

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BUSINESS

Cleveland's Woes

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

EARLY IN THE afternoon of Cleveland's Black Friday, embattled Mayor Dennis Kucinich stepped before the media assembled in the stately City Hall and announced, "Tonight at 12 o'clock will be our last chance to save this city. We have made every conceivable effort to avoid default. This will be a day of shame for the city of Cleveland. For we will find out exactly who it is that is trying to kill this community."

Kucinich pointed out that he had contacted state and federal officials, but although both had assured him of their "deep concern" and all that guff, neither had offered a soupçon of aid. President Carter was preoccupied with China. Governor Rhodes was in Florida soaking up rays. But Kucinich saved his most vicious salvos for the Cleveland City Council, which had opposed his last-minute tax proposal to stave off the end; Cleveland's banks, which were owed $15 million in short-term notes the city couldn't pay; and especially Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company (CEI), the private utility that for years has sought to buy out the city-owned Municipal Electric Light Company, a smaller, but pesky, competitor. "Any attempt to attach political stipulations such as the sale of Muny Light to my tax proposal is completely unacceptable," said the 32-year-old mayor. "CEI and the banks are sinking into the worst murk and mud in the annals of American urban politics. The people know a con job when they see one."

Within hours of Kucinich's last stand, Moody's had taken the drastic step of lowering Cleveland municipal bonds to a Caa rating, effectively declaring the city unable to guarantee payment of its debts. In short, the unimaginable had occurred: A major American city had defaulted, the first to do so since Detroit's failure during the Great Depression.

'We will find out exactly who is trying to kill this community,' said Kucinich.

Cleveland's failure raises two questions. First, how can a major city, with a powerful industrial base, take such a dramatic tumble? And second, if it happened there, could it happen elsewhere?

One must be careful to disentangle the ugly particulars of Cleveland's situation from the equally ugly general syndrome of urban fiscal malaise. Like most of our northern cities, Cleveland has suffered vast social dislocation in the past 30 years. Among the maladies was the fast crawl of the city's white middle class to the suburbs and sunny southland, reducing the population from 914,000 in 1950 to its present 625,000. A matter of equal gravity was the exodus of heavy industry, which took 50,000 manufacturing jobs with it. Among the losers in this change were the white ethnics left behind in the wards of the Near West Side, most of the city's 275,000 blacks, 80,000 newly migrated Appalachian whites, and 30,000 Hispanics—all were left to compete for diminishing jobs, income, and social services. Along with this demographic shift came decay of housing, abandonment of commercial property, and a residential construction slump. These in turn led to a massive erosion of the property-tax base, the traditional means by which local government raises revenues. Since the administration of Carl Stokes (1966-70), Cleveland's public business has consisted of distributing shares of declining local resources, its politics of pitting racial and class constituencies against one another in constant redistributive skirmishes.

Until recently, these ingredients were kept from fizzing out—or boiling over—by two factors. The first was the infusion of federal funds, which postponed the inevitable crisis. Federal aid to the cities, it should be remembered, did not come into being as part of long-range economic planning, but rather as a quick pick-me-up during slumps in the business cycle, a hasty reaction to urban racial unrest rather than a redistribution of national income and wealth.

The second factor was the rise of the lynx-eyed accountants hiding deficits and pulling cash from the black holes in the fiscal universe. Time after time, outside experts seeking to study the city's finances threw up their hands in despair, one economist declaring, "The city's accounting methods predate Medici banking." One of the favorite maneuvers, for instance, was to issue "special obligation" bonds and even "bond anticipation notes" for various capital construction projects, then use the money instead for operating funds.

A study done by the accounting firm of Ernst & Ernst concluded that the administration of Mayor Ralph Perk (fa-

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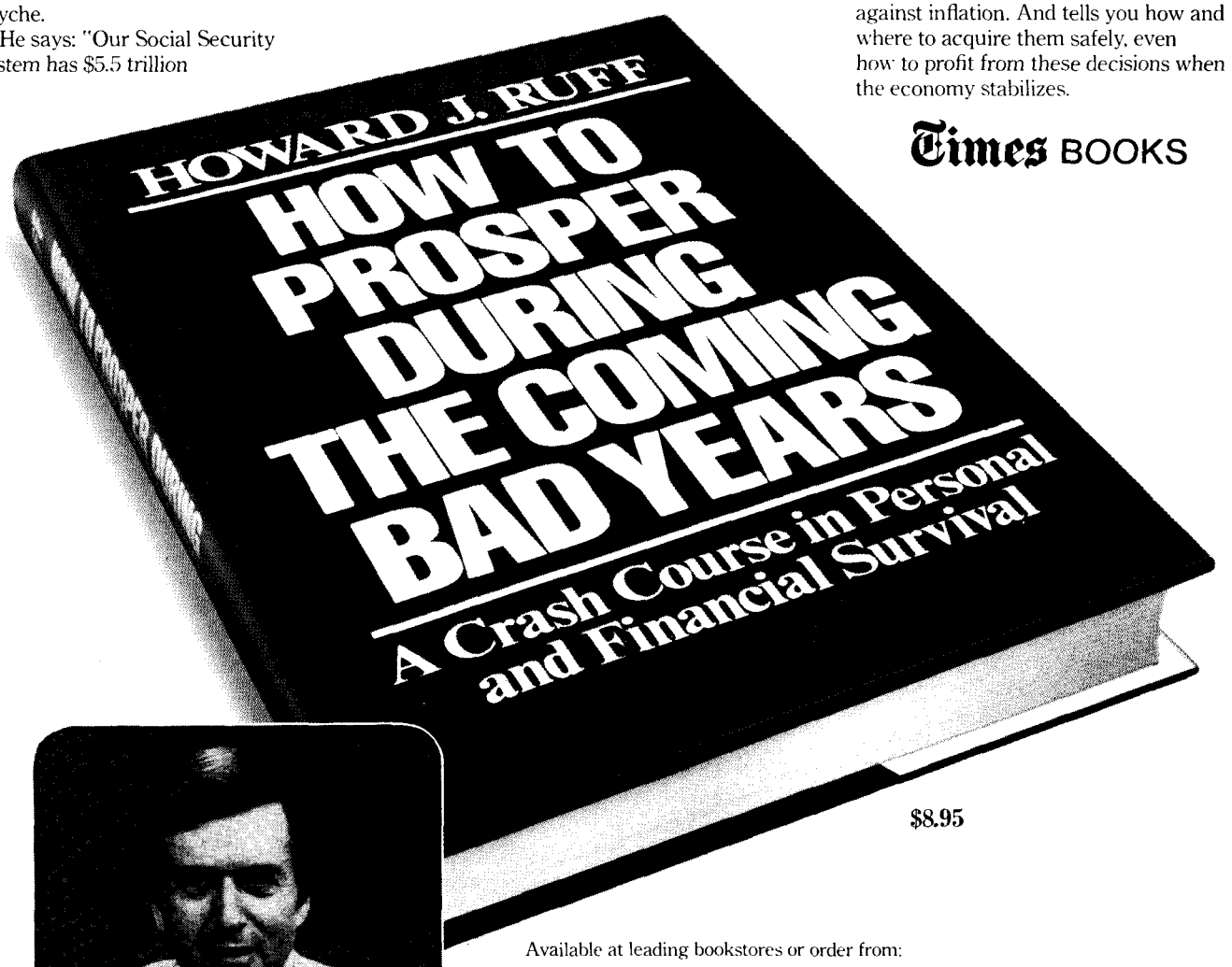

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mous for once setting his hair on fire to prove a point) dipped into these special accounts to the tune of roughly $52 million. When the city's bond indebtedness began bumping its legal limit, the city resorted to the fateful New York gimmick of constantly rolling over short-term bank loans, with interest and principal steadily mounting.

Plugging, filling, dipping, borrowing, and rolling over: These are the unsolved, unpunished, though not victimless, crimes of modern municipal management. They only set the stage, however, for the final act, where inflation enters as the piper demanding payment. For with the Nixon-Ford-Carter regimes committed to budgetary retrenchment, Washington has been withdrawing the federal funds which have propped up the city against collapse, and which have allowed a generation of politicians to pursue lucrative careers crusading against higher taxes. For Cleveland, the gradual depletion of federal funds left little choice but to begin auctioning off city assets. Within the past five years, Cleveland has dumped its sewer system and its rapid transit system—even the scruffy animals in the city zoo now receive their provender from Cuyahoga County.

This impoverishment of public life proceeded in Cleveland down to the last city asset of value, the Municipal Electric Light Plant; and as the dark descended, it was selling Muny Light to its ardent suitor CEI, which stuck in Mayor Kucinich's craw. Asked whether he would find selling Muny Light less distasteful than default, Kucinich snapped, "That is a Mephistophelian dilemma. I will never sell my soul."

The next question is, why not sell Muny Light? The short answer is that as an urban populist Kucinich rose to power on the promise never to ditch the municipal utility. To the "forgotten people" of the white working class, Kucinich assumed the proportions of a demigod.

When Mayor Perk ultimately consented to selling the utility, the little knight demolished the incumbent. In the afterglow of electoral victory, Kucinich raised an immense billboard over the grimy brick power plant. It says, *"Muny Light: Power for the People. Dennis J. Kucinich, Mayor."*

The longer answer to the same question is somewhat different. Muny Light, the creation of Cleveland's great progressive mayor of the 1920's, Tom Johnson, operated reliably and cheaply until the 1960's, when new technology outmoded it. Cleveland Electric rapidly gained a dominant position in the city's power market. Instead of packing it in, however, in 1970 the city went to the federal power authorities, demanding the right to tie into the private utility's grid system. From there it went to the federal courts, charging Cleveland Electric with antitrust conspiracy to do in the municipal. The Federal Power Commission ultimately granted Muny Light its full intertie with the grid. The $330 million antitrust action was scheduled to go to trial in early February. Muny Light now delivers CEI power to 20 percent of the Cleveland community at roughly 7 percent lower rates. Through the antitrust action, Muny Light stands to win not only the damages, but the right to purchase cheap power from New York's Niagara hydro project, wheeling that power into Ohio over Cleveland Electric's lines. One can only imagine the ire of the private utility management, which began with a creditable economic case for consolidating the two companies, and has ended as public enemy number one.

But the utility was not without a final trump, a $13.4 million debt Muny Light owed the Illuminating Company for power purchased during the byzantine legal actions. The federal court ordered Muny Light to pay this debt before the end of 1978. With the final payment due, the Illuminating Company had federal marshals seize city trucks and street equipment, demonstrating to Kucinich that the city would be shoved over the brink unless Muny Light were sold and the antitrust suit dropped. This show of force, no doubt, assisted the banks in deciding not to roll over the outstanding $15 million notes.

It was precisely here that Cleveland staggered on to the less traveled road of default, but whether out of courage or folly remains to be seen. Though Kucinich sank Cleveland, he may have saved the municipal bond market from an old-fashioned panic. For he allowed responsible officials to declare Cleveland's insolvency a political disgrace rather than a strictly financial tragedy—a product, as New York financial majordomo Felix Rohatyn put it, of Cleveland's "teenage government." Indeed, Mayor Kucinich's intractable stand against the banks and private utility should serve to remind urban populists of Lord Keynes's warning to Roosevelt concerning the political handling of businessmen. "You can do anything you like with them (even the big ones)," Keynes said. "Not as wolves and tigers, but as domestic animals by nature .... If you work them into the surly, obstinate, terrified mood of which domestic animals, wrongly handled, are so capable, the nation's burdens will not get carried to market: And ... public opinion will veer their way."

But it would be a great mistake to comfortably view Cleveland's default as a rare political disease. If we are to avoid a grand procession of defaults and bankruptcies, we need a national reevaluation of urban economy and federal spending priorities. This reconsideration is particularly in the interest of business and the capital markets, for the new, and as yet untested, Chapter IX of the bankruptcy law provides guarantee of essential services before repayment of banks and bondholders. Under the new law, bankruptcy could become the viable political alternative. And although urban populists like Kucinich may go down, the world will remember them as the last friends of the working man. ◉

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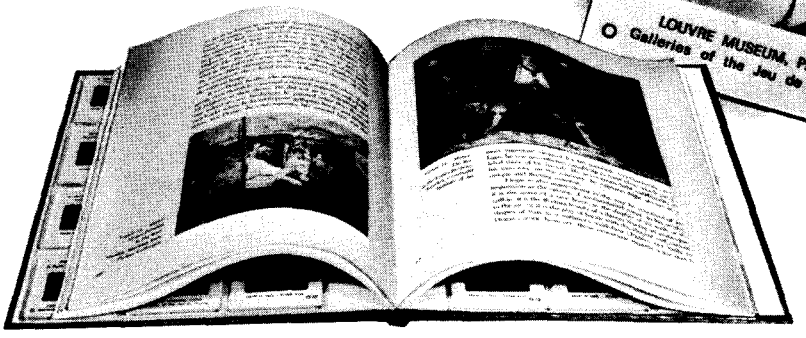

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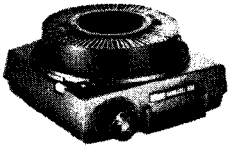

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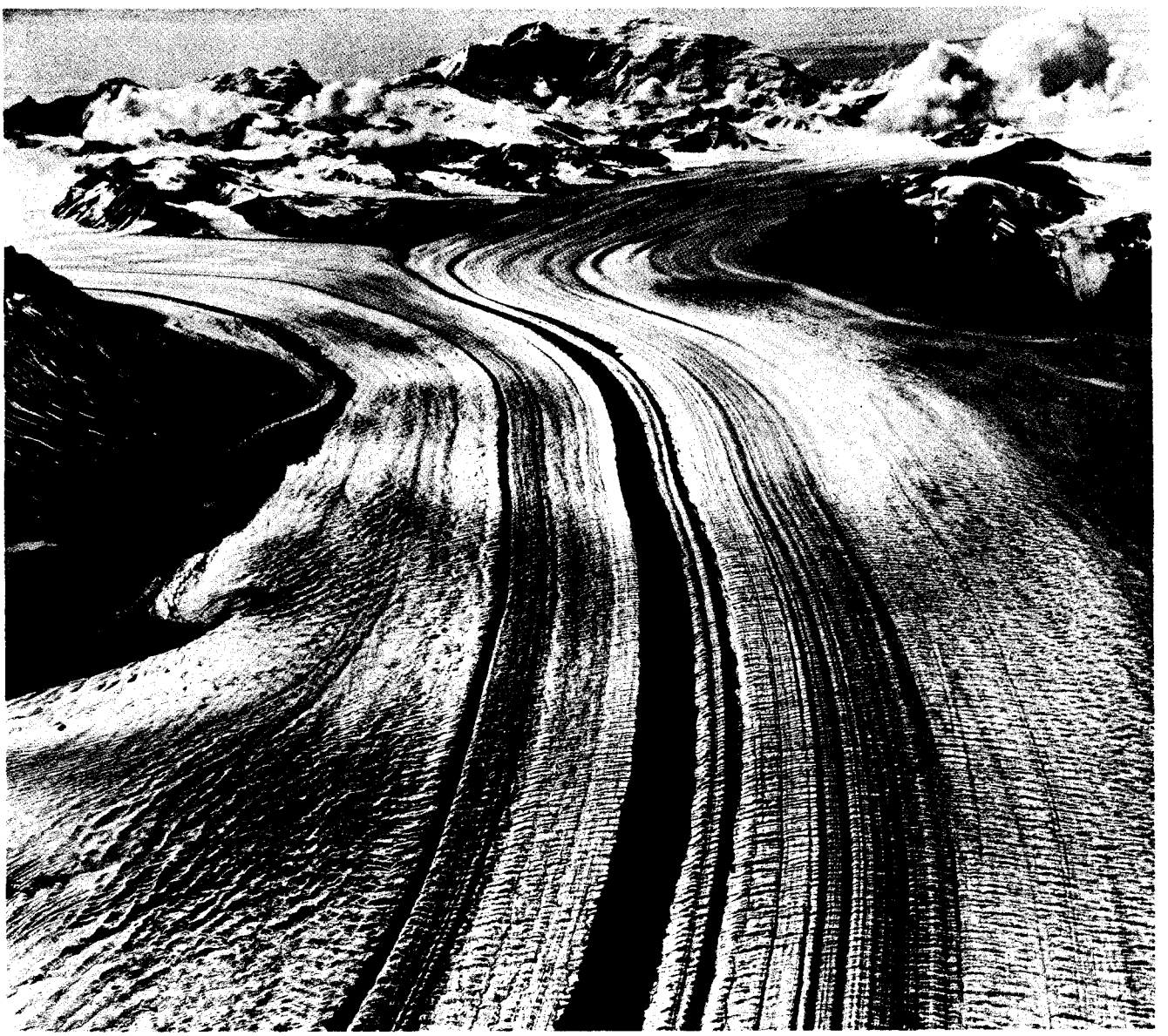
ALASKA
THE GREAT LAND WAR

by Susan Schiefelbein

Just below the Arctic Ocean, an awesome expanse of earth sweeps across five time zones: Alakshak, *the great country, the land we call Alaska. Its northern lights shimmer over endless stretches of ice—one of the glaciers here is larger than all Holland—and yet its boundaries also embrace sand dunes and desert and a dense rain forest. Its three million lakes and ten thousand streams brim with rainbow trout, Arctic grayling, and five kinds of salmon. Bald eagles and falcons ride the winds; below them wander the last great herds of caribou in the Americas. Valleys store oil, gold, and a dozen other precious minerals. McKinley, the highest mountain on the continent, presides over this domain, its craggy face a testimony to its native name—Denali, the Great One. No wonder Alaskan natives need only one word*—gar-rundi—*to express both "life" and "land." For here the two are entwined.*



The Nabesna Glacier in the Wrangell Range—"Lobbyists are snatching for such wilderness acres as though they were stashed in a bin at a rummage sale."

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TODAY, ALASKA FACES an uncertain future. The time has come to decide how much of its wilderness should be commercially exploited and how much should be preserved—and the dilemma has touched off a national debate. The issue first made headlines last year when the House passed legislation that would prohibit development on an Alaskan landmass the size of California. Although the bill never reached a Senate vote, the fact that congressmen have vowed to reintroduce it this session has fueled opponents' and proponents' fervor. Lobbyists are snatching for Alaska's acres as though they were stashed in a bin at a rummage sale—environmentalists want as much land as possible preserved and developers want it left open for extracting its resources. Senators have accused colleagues in Congress of sabotaging bills, spreading propaganda, and stooping to Watergate tactics; some have even threatened to oust the Secretary of the Interior for supporting a conservationist bill. In Alaska, a newspaper has suggested that environmentalists are in collusion with Arabs in a plot to lock up North Slope oil, and a state legislator has proposed that fires be set in the national parks.

For the moment, Alaska rests safely, the lands in question declared as monuments by President Carter in an effort to keep all hands off them until congressmen address the issue this year. Influential senators and the President himself say the congressional deliberations to come will be the most significant environmental debate of the century; for what legislators decide will in large part determine whether Alaska is wisely developed and its beauties preserved, or whether Lilliputian special-interest groups will carve this ancient giant into a crosshatch of land claims, squandering its wealth and disfiguring its face for all ages hence.

On one side of the coming debate stand those who cherish Alaska for its vast store of wealth—an estimated 12-49 billion barrels of oil (the U.S. consumes about 6 billion a year); 29-132 trillion cubic feet of gas; 130 billion tons of coal; and profitable amounts of 16 of the 18 minerals the Department of Defense calls "critical" to national security. The people who oppose such preservation efforts as last year's bill (H.R. 39) want to develop such riches to the fullest. Their numbers include the entire Alaskan congressional delegation (Senators Ted Stevens and Mike Gravel, and Representative Don Young); the oil, mining, and timber industries; and a great many of the Alaskans themselves.

On the other side are those who believe that the unspoiled wilderness is itself a precious resource that should be preserved. Leading spokesmen for this group include Representative Morris Udall (D-Arizona), who introduced last year's House bill; Representative John Seiberling (D-Ohio), who shepherded the bill through the subcommittee; Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus, who orchestrated the administration's monuments declaration; and most conservation groups—especially the Alaska Coalition, which is made up of more than two dozen environmental organizations that have banded together for the Alaskan wilderness battle. They contend first, that industry has plenty of resources to exploit in areas outside the parks they have proposed, on state acreage and nonrestricted federal land. They also feel that oil and minerals—which, due to the nature of Alaskan ore deposits, would almost all require open-pit or strip mining—are not always the land's most valuable assets. "There are those who think that the only worth to the land is an extractable resource," says Andrus. "But some people are willing to consider living resources. To those who say 'oil is where you find it,' I say, caribou are where you find them, too. And unlike the oil, we know exactly where the caribou are."

Unfortunately, the issue is more complicated than even these two seemingly deadlocked positions suggest. The bill

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Caribou—"Magnificent beasts requiring millions of acres for feeding."

introduced last year was crammed with all the details that must be considered when a state has not been fully settled—or, in Alaska's case, not even fully civilized. Future railway lines, provisions for sewer facilities, the rights of those who hunt for most of their food, the right of bush planes to penetrate the otherwise impenetrable wilderness—all are causes for contention between the developers and the preservationists. The complexities, however, must not obscure the fundamental issue: How much of America's last and largest wilderness will we sacrifice for present profit, and how much can we afford to protect in its natural state?

THE LEGISLATIVE HISTORY of the Alaskan lands battle started more than a century ago, when the words *energy shortage* and *environmentalism* were not even in the common vocabulary. In 1867, when Seward purchased his "folly" from the czar, the Russian treaty specified how the United States was to treat the "uncivilized"—that is, the natives who had lived in Alaska since their ancestors crossed the Asian land bridge—but it never actually discussed the land rights of these people. The United States followed this lead, assuming ownership of a territory despite the fact that its native people, unlike the American Indians, had never been conquered, bought out, or even conned out of their lands. Native land rights were once again ignored when Congress granted Alaska statehood in 1958.

When the federal government grants statehood, it gives some land to the new state government and keeps some for itself, with its largest shares being in Nevada (where the United States owns 87 percent of the land), Utah (66 percent), and Idaho (63 percent). Although Alaska stands fourth in this line—with 60 percent of its land federally owned—its size is so awesome that the "leftovers" given to the state translate into a whopping 104 million acres, nearly five times the acreage granted to any other state. The state was also granted all navigable waters and its coastline, rich with oil and longer than the entire coastline of the lower 48 states.

These lands, though, were not divvied up all at once. The federal government proceeded to pick its acres at leisure, setting aside parks and national forests as the need arose. The state was given 25 years in which to choose any lands not previously claimed by the nation. Hoping to acquire land best suited for settlement and mineral exploitation, the state also made its choices slowly. In the first decade of statehood,

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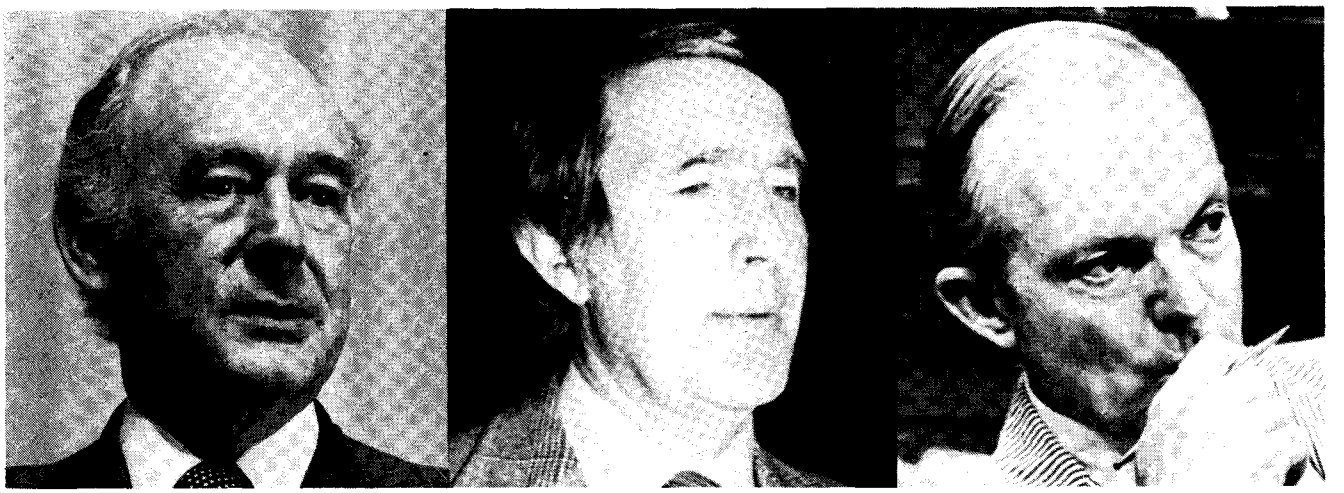

The last frontiersmen—Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus, Representatives Morris Udall and John Seiberling

Alaska selected only 26 million acres of the 104 million acres it had been granted.

Then, in 1968, came the impetus that forced all sides to cease their sluggishness on the lands problem. Atlantic Richfield struck black gold on the North Slope, some ten billion barrels of it. In short order, the natives, who had been claiming an aboriginal right to the entire state, filed suit, and a half dozen oil companies realized that the pipeline they had planned would trespass across native land if the natives won a sizable land settlement. Congress responded by passing the Native Claims Settlement Act, in 1971, which granted 44 million acres and $1 billion to Alaskan natives and, not coincidentally, cleared the way for the pipeline.

AT THIS POINT, one more group joined the now burgeoning cast of characters in the play for Alaskan land. Environmentalists eyed the huge statehood grant, the huge native grant, and the huge corporate oil and mineral claims, and they began to fear that Alaska's wilderness would be exploited without forethought, that scenic values would be destroyed in the rush to make the last frontier our next Detroit.

To allay environmentalist fears, Congress included a special section—"17D(2)"—in the Native Claims Act that was intended to give some order to the confusion of land grabs. The section required that Congress examine up to 80 million acres of Alaska's lands for inclusion in the nation's park system. Section D2 had one hitch: Its temporary freeze preventing the state from claiming the rest of its land would end on December 18, 1978; if Congress was going to preserve any of the lands permanently, it would have to act before then.

D2 created an uproar. The fury in the state was only partially caused by the number of acres set aside; with or without D2, after all, the federal government would eventually own 60 percent of the state. Alaskans fumed instead over what the government was planning to *do* with those lands.

Unowned land in Alaska has always been overseen by the federal government; but it has been overseen with very little restriction by the Bureau of Land Management, an agency so pro-industry that Andrus has labeled it the "Bureau of Livestock and Mining." BLM land is open to the public for logging, road-building, hunting, mining, fishing, cattle grazing, and hydroelectric development. One of the four federal ownership classifications, national forest, is also open to "multi-use"—an official euphemism, some say, for multi-abuse. At the time of D2, the BLM and the Forest Service managed 90 percent of Alaska.

The reason why state and development interests found D2 troublesome was that the 80 million acres set aside were to be considered for inclusion in the three other, more restrictive classifications—wild and scenic river; wildlife habitat; and national park—in which almost no development can take place. Any of these classifications can be made still more restrictive by giving them a "wilderness overlay," which prohibits even the building of roads and permanent structures.

'Alaskans feel that they can dance around a bonfire refusing conservation and the issue will go away,' says Udall. It won't; he is reintroducing a bill this year.

Thus the pro-development interests were especially outraged when, early in 1977, Congressman Udall introduced H.R. 39, which was even stricter than the authors of D2 had envisioned. The bill put aside 121 million acres in the strict classifications, about half of which were also given a wilderness overlay. The legislation passed the House.

But when the bill reached the Senate, it hit a snag. Although the House had reviewed the bill thoroughly and conducted thousands of hearings, industry sympathizers felt they had not had their day in court.

While Udall claimed that 70 percent of Alaska's mineral wealth lay outside his proposed parks, as well as 95.5 percent of the favorable oil and gas deposits and all of the coal, developers saw the statistics differently. They contended that while *most* of the deposits were outside boundaries, they felt the *best* ones were inside. Worse, they said, Udall's estimates were based only on *known* deposits—and Alaska has not yet been fully explored.

Udall, of course, had an answer for these objections: "If you want a final resource analysis," he said, "drill up the whole state. We didn't know everything there was to know about the Grand Canyon, either, but we knew enough to be justified in setting it aside." Seiberling, for his part, felt that the problem had little to do with whether most resources were outside proposed parks. "The problem," he said, "is that developers don't want 95 percent of the resources; they want them all. The selfishness of the industries involved in this issue would blow your mind."

Andrus also argued against the industry lobby. To those developers who claimed that preservation would devastate Alaska's economy, he pointed out that southeast Alaska's biggest employer, the fishing industry, would stand only to benefit if streams and spawning beds were protected; and he

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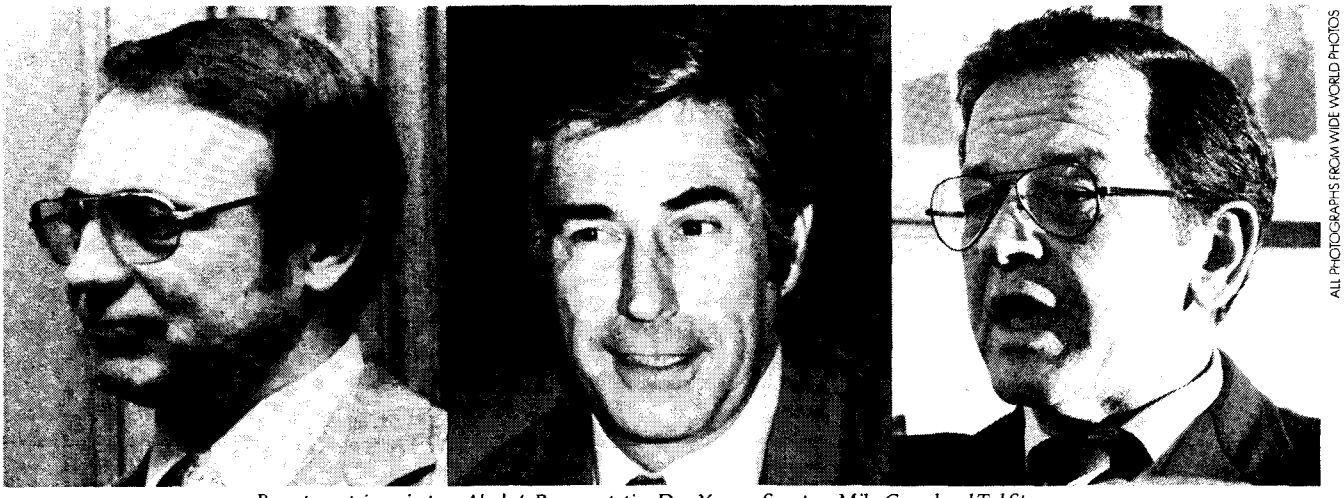

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Boomtown triumvirate—Alaska's Representative Don Young, Senators Mike Gravel and Ted Stevens

> Stevens has pledged that if an environmental bill passes, he will in the future use his Senate vote for revenge. 'I don't get mad any more,' he says; 'I get even.'

emphasized that Alaska's tourism—which is expected to burgeon if a bill passes—brought in $150 million just last year. And as for the industry claim that an area the size of California was being "locked up" in parks, Andrus pointed out that the land left open to exploitation would be *twice* the size of California. Finally, Andrus stressed, preserves could be opened for exploitation in the future if the need arises.

But the bill's opponents found postponed extraction almost as objectionable as no extraction. Said Alaskan Congressman Don Young: "What will happen if there's a war or a world shortage of resources? They'll go in and tear up the wilderness for copper and bauxite. There will be no controls and they will destroy the fish and pollute the air. A bill like H.R. 39 could be the worst environmental bill in history."

Environmentalists, however, were not worried by Young's dire predictions; nor, for that matter, was the administration—which, represented by Interior Secretary Andrus, had submitted a lands proposal that was very much in the conservationist spirit of H.R. 39. Nevertheless, in the end, the string of haphazard events that surrounded the bill's Senate stay led to a far different conclusion than Udall, Seiberling, or Andrus had hoped for. First, Alaskan Senator Mike Gravel threatened to filibuster any Alaskan lands bill that was brought to the Senate floor. He even arrived at the Senate one day prepared to read the entire two-volume biography of Gerald Ford, boasting to the press that he could "bring the Senate to its knees on the subject." He did not attend any of the subcommittee meetings at which the Senate bill was drafted. Despite the antipathy of some Senators and heckling in the press (which has been a thorn in his side ever since he nominated himself for Vice President in 1972 and, on another occasion, proposed that a domed metropolis be built at the base of Mt. McKinley), he stood firm on his filibuster plan. "Where the survival of the state of Alaska is at stake, I feel morally justified." His popularity in Alaska soared.

Alaska's Republican Senator, Ted Stevens—the minority whip, who was recently critically injured in a plane crash—did push the bill along, despite the fact that he considered H.R. 39 "an abortion" and Congressman John Seiberling a "dilettante." He readily admitted that his eagerness to pass a bill stemmed only from the fact that Andrus had publicly warned that the administration would declare the land as monuments if Congress failed to meet its December deadline. Stevens thus attended virtually every meeting of the Senate Interior Committee, although some observers say that his bickering did more to delay the bill than to push it forward. Editorialists went so far as to say that the great conservation record of Senator Henry Jackson, who chaired the committee, was in danger of being shattered, so amenable was he to Stevens's suggestions. The bill that finally was reported was considered, by some, to be a chaotic mess of land divisions. Seiberling described the Senate plan as "unacceptable." Andrus called it "less than desirable." No compromise was made, and the bill was never brought to a vote.

The lands proposal did not evaporate in total ignominy, however. The President, as Andrus had urged him, declared some 56 million acres as national monuments—which gives them virtually the same protection as parks. And Andrus has used his own power to set an additional 50 million acres aside for three years, making them ineligible for state, native, and mining claims. Both actions are revocable by Congress—which is exactly what Andrus had intended: "I am not superimposing my personal beliefs over Congress. But on December 18, the land would have been unprotected, and I wasn't going to let the rape, ruin, and run boys exploit it before Congress could act again."

However temporary these designations may be, they do not suit the state. Alaskan Congressman Young insisted—in a flood of angry comments about "bearded backpackers" and environmental "zee-lotts"—that the state was being subjected to colonial rule from Washington. "We'll do something," he said. "We'll get rid of the Secretary of the Interior in two years." Gravel called the executive declaration an "abuse of power" by which he is "horrified." And while Stevens at least prefers the President's action to a bill as strong as H.R. 39—he says he can undo what the President does, but not what Congress legislates—he promised that if an environmental bill ever does pass, he would use his Senate vote as a mechanism for revenge. "I don't get mad anymore," he said; "I get even. The rest of the country would never get over it."

NEITHER UDALL nor Seiberling is worried about the Alaska delegation's accusations or their tactical plans for the coming years. Both hope to reintroduce a proposal this session. "There is a feeling in Alaska," Udall reflected recently, "that they can dance around a bonfire refusing to accept any land conservation proposal and the whole thing will go away. But every major land bill of this

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kind has taken more than one Congress. I worked my tail off for eight years on the strip-mining bill; so be it with this one.

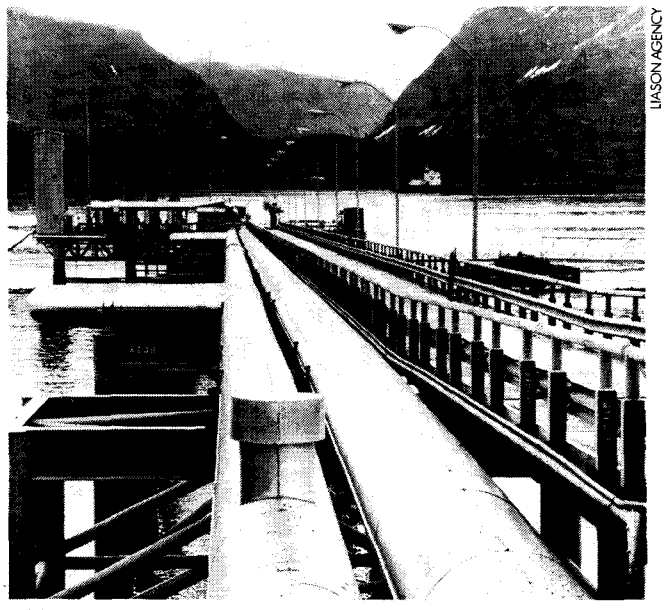
"And I want tickets to next year's filibuster," he concluded serenely. "Because it's going to have to last 20 months. We'll see if Senator Gravel can succeed in tying up the Senate that long for his selfish reason."

HOWEVER HEATED the debates, the issue looks a bit cut-and-dried in the colorless corridors of Washington. Maps, statistical graphs, and postcard-pretty photos lie piled on desk tops, and it seems that one need only look at the figures objectively to make a cold but rational decision. While bureaucrats draw their boundaries across government maps, the concept of sacrificing profits to preserve birds, glaciers, and caribou seems like silly sentimentality.

But it isn't that way at all when viewed from the heights of a mountain in Alaska, where the wilderness stretches out before you to eternity. The most frustrating experience in a visit to Alaska, in fact, is the difficulty one has absorbing its magnificence. The land is more than primitive; it is primordial, one of the last corners of earth that remains the way it was in the days before man was even created. Every time the eye moves it comes upon another spectacle. The pageantry of the landscape, brilliantly colorful in the clear air—the awesomeness of the distances and heights—are so overwhelming that one has the desperate impulse to wear blinders so that the beauties can be appreciated one by one.

Which of these panoramas have created the deadlocks in land decisions? One of the areas most bitterly disputed is the Arctic National Wildlife range. About 60 miles east of Prudhoe Bay, the area overlies the eastward extension of the geologic structure now producing the prodigious amounts of North Slope oil. Energy czar James Schlesinger's staff claims that the area is one of the largest potential onshore petroleum fields in America.

But this range is also the winter home of the great, galloping Porcupine caribou herd. Each year 120,000 of these magnificent beasts migrate between the Arctic Wildlife range and its extension in Canada—a distance equivalent to a round trip between Washington, D.C. and Chicago—requiring millions of acres for feeding on the tundra's sparse vegetation. The Canadians, hopeful that Americans would share in the responsibility of guarding the herd, have already prohibited a gas pipeline across their share of the grounds, knowing that some 250,000 animals in the only other arctic herd have died in the past seven years, a loss that some zoologists say was caused in part by the construction of the Alaskan pipeline.


LIASON AGENCY

The Alaska pipeline—With construction came theft, larceny, prostitution.

The Tongass rain forest in southeast Alaska is another legislative battleground. The region erupts with dark mountains that loom from fjords whose silver waters serve as reflecting pools for the rugged terrain at their edges. One of the first areas settled by Caucasians, the land is dotted with historic remains of the early Indian cultures, the Russian period, and the Klondike gold rush. Environmentalists say these lands should not serve as an open pit for copper miners who wish to extract a mineral that is already a drag on the market.

The Noatak River has posed another conflict. The river drains the largest undeveloped and unpolluted watershed in the nation; the United Nations has declared it an International Biome Reserve—a river qualified to give scientists the opportunity to study a water system that is entirely untouched by man. If one stream feeding into it becomes polluted, the reserve's worth to scientists disappears.

The remaining conflicts are too extensive to catalog here, but descriptions of the areas in question read like letters from Shangri-la. They include the Yukon Delta, which is the breeding ground for most of the swans, ducks, geese, and other waterfowl that eventually migrate throughout North America; the Wrangells, the most expansive stretch of glaciers in the nation; and the Gates of the Arctic, awesome, needlelike granite peaks that stand at the doorway to the Yukon.

But in the end, oil and minerals, caribou and eagles, mountains and glaciers and tundra are really not the most important considerations in the Alaska issue. More important is the effect the decision will have on the people involved—in Alaska and the nation, now and in the future.

How do Americans feel? Of the 2,000 individuals who testified on H.R. 39—a greater number of people than has testified on any legislation since the civil-rights bill of 1964—the overwhelming majority supported conservation of Alaska, with an intensity that, as John Seiberling described it, was stunningly philosophic, sometimes almost biblical.

But despite the fact that testifiers came from all age-groups and hundreds of occupations, many Alaskans dismiss the outcome of the hearings, due mostly to their conviction that anyone who would support conservation in Alaska must be a bearded berry-picker—that old hippies never died, they just faded into environmentalists.

One might think that Alaskans—the people who have actually seen the wilderness—would be the first to protect it from developers. Not so. While they appreciate the scenic beauties of the bush, many residents came to Alaska to share in the singular experience of building a state. Despite the low ratio of people to land—the population of the city of Buffalo, living in a state twice the size of Texas—most Alaskans live in towns. And the atmosphere in those towns is fiercely independent; they want to do things on their own—construct more roads, more rails, more buildings—conquer the wilderness. Anchorage is a displaced boomtown from the Old West, complete with saloons that still erupt with brawls.

Contributing to this frontier spirit is the fact that Alaskan towns must be self-sufficient; they are cut off not only from the rest of the nation but from each other as well. Only 3,062 miles of road have been paved in the entire state—17 percent of the paved mileage of Connecticut. Three-quarters of the post offices can be reached only by air. Teenagers don't ask to use the family car—they want the family bush-plane.

As a result of this isolation, a camaraderie has grown up among Alaskans, a "them against us" spirit reflected even in the everyday speech. The rest of the country is referred to as "the lower 48" or "the United States." A non-Alaskan—whether from Chicago or Tokyo—is an "outsider." When the

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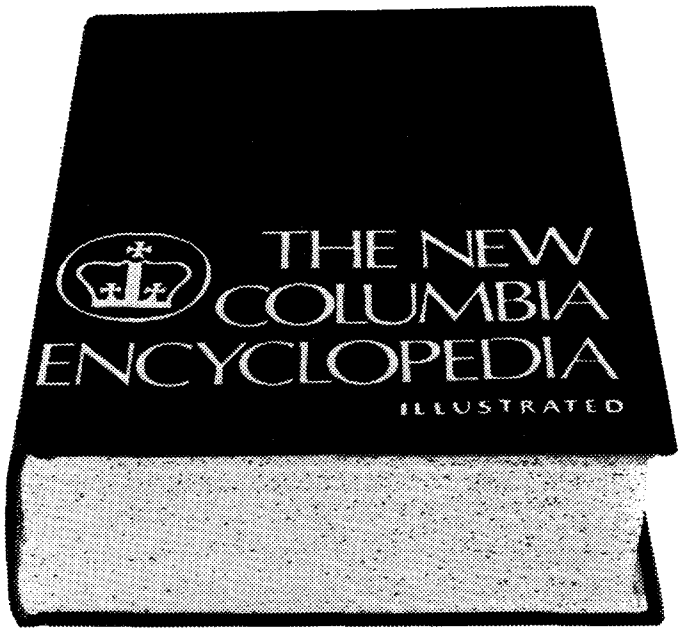
The price of looking it up just went down.



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telephone company finally managed, in the not-so-distant past, to bypass operator assistance in calls from Alaska to the rest of the nation, newspaper ads read, "Now you can dial America direct." Alaskan humor, too, is touched by the same sort of independent spirit. A favorite Klondike prank entails covering hard moose droppings with gold paint, then sending the package off to outsiders as a gift of "gold nuggets."

As the prank suggests, Alaskans tend to think of outsiders as ignorant when it comes to the Alaskan lifestyle—and they resent what they consider to be an "uneducated" intrusion into their state. "We voted for statehood because we thought we'd get some rights and not be run out of Washington like we were a territory," says John Miscovich, a gold-miner at Flat who is planning a 25-square-mile open-pit mine with four major corporations. Miscovich adds that environmentalists he has spoken to are "sly foxes who can't be trusted"; and as for their precautions—well, if his claims were on federal ground, he'd have to be replanting his exploration sites "so some moose wouldn't trip over them." Walter Magnusen, another rough-hewn miner, who once found a single nugget worth $400,000, claims, "There are already lands set aside for

Fairbanks now has the singular distinction of being the most polluted city in the United States.

birds. It's okay to draw those section lines as long as they show the birds where the boundaries are."

There are Alaskans, of course, who think differently. One poll, for example, revealed that 61 percent of the people questioned supported a "wilderness concept." Says gold-miner John Fullerton, "I don't think preservation of some lands would be so bad, but I hesitate to say anything. I'm always looking over my shoulder to see who is coming into the room." His comment underlined a remark Udall once made—"You're not part of Anchorage society if you support a preservationist bill."

That society is led, as well as recorded, by the *Anchorage Times*, the most widely read paper in the state. The *Times* is flamboyantly antipreservationist, and its editorial philosophy frequently slips off the opinion pages and into the headlines, a habit that may at least partially explain why many Alaskans are so misinformed about last year's legislation. John Seiberling, for example, describes a press conference arranged for him when he went to Anchorage to conduct hearings last year. The *Anchorage Times* reporter wasn't there, but afterward, he approached Seiberling, apologized for being late, and proceeded to ask the congressman if it were true that he wasn't interested in the opinion of Alaskans. Seiberling says he answered, "If all we were doing was taking a poll of Americans, 400,000 Alaskans wouldn't count for much next to the population of the rest of the nation. But it's obvious that we're interested in Alaskans by the very fact that I'm here in Anchorage to conduct hearings." The next day the *Times* headline read: *400,000 Alaskans Don't Count.*

If one wonders how Alaskans could be influenced by such distortions of fact, it is all the more puzzling to discover that the truth about the biggest development project yet to hit the state—the construction of the Alaskan pipeline—has been all but forgotten. That story may hold the key to the issues surrounding the great Alaskan lands lockup.

On September 10, 1969, Alaska opened bidding to North Slope oil land; by the end of the day the state had taken in nearly $1 billion in cash. Construction of a pipeline started a few years later. Personal income in Alaska rose quickly by 20 percent; unemployment went down by 3 percent. The field is capable of producing some 10,000 barrels of oil a day, compared to the average 11 barrels pumped by a well in the lower 48, and the oil is now gushing to West Coast buyers. It would appear that everyone has what he wanted.

But what happened to the state in the years of pipeline construction? In 1974, the year that pipeline work began—three years before any oil was piped—construction workers were responsible for 177 spills. Creeks were filled with mudslides. In one "incident," on a day when government environmental supervisors were off duty, pipeline workers rechanneled 2,300 feet of the Dietrich River to make room for a road. When the federal overseers returned, they were shocked to find a river that suddenly had an "appalling resemblance" to a ditch. "The new channel," their report read, "is straight and fishless; destruction is total and permanent." One supervisor added, "These guys are in a hurry. They have a lot more money than they do time."

INDUSTRY, HOWEVER, claims that it spent most of that money—millions of dollars—protecting, not destroying, the Alaskan environment. But no sum they could spend could change the pipeline's effects on the Alaskan people.

Shortly after construction was begun, 16,000 workers descended on a state that at the time was prepared to support only its 200,000 residents. Alaska was hit by the worst inflation in the nation. Auto theft, larceny, juvenile arrests, and prostitution soared. In Fairbanks, which served as headquarters for pipeline employees, 8,000 more vehicles were registered in 1974 than the year before; and concurrently, inhabitants' blood levels of toxic exhaust substances rose to nearly twice the amount the federal government says is safe. Today, ice fog—the frozen version of smog—is getting dangerously severe as pollution intensifies. Fairbanks, which now produces 10 times more pollution per capita than Los Angeles, has gained the singular distinction of being the most polluted city in the nation. All to exploit an oilfield that will be dry in 25 years.

The experience is a sobering one; and it is difficult to understand why so many Alaskans have already forgotten it. "Every Alaskan should be taken on a tour of Appalachia," says John Seiberling. "It still stands as the great symbol for what happens when an industry comes into an area, uses it, abuses it, then leaves it. Appalachia is the symbol of poverty. We don't want to repeat that error in Alaska."

Some Alaskans have accused preservationist congressmen of trying to pay for past environmental sins with Alaskan penance. It may not be a bad idea. "Suppose that a century ago," says Udall, "Abe Lincoln sent you West, that he said, 'Go, bring me 100 million acres to preserve.' What would you have picked? Jackson Hole? The Grand Tetons? All of Arizona? Before they burned the land, before they chopped the timber? What would you pick if you could turn the clock back, see the tall grasses blowing on the prairies in Kansas; see the Rockies looming; see the land the way God made it? If we save parts of Alaska, people can have that experience."

As Udall's vision and the pipeline debacle suggest, there are deeper questions at the heart of the Alaskan problem than how much land to develop and how much to preserve. First, what is progress? If it is a studied march toward a mechanized, profitable, but undesirable and uninhabitable world, some of us may wish to fall out of the parade. And even more important, to whom does Alaska belong? Is it the property of the people who live there? Is it the property of industries that pay taxes on the resources they withdraw? Is it the property of the state, of the nation? Or is it a property that belongs to the past and should be willed to the future? Perhaps the *Anchorage Times* headline wasn't all wrong. Perhaps 400,000 Alaskans don't count—not any more than the rest of us, not any more than the generations who will follow us. ◉

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Turning the Tide on Gay Rights

by Roger M. Williams

LAST NOVEMBER 8, while most of us were watching political commentators strain for patterns and portents in the general election returns, the homosexuals of America were celebrating a very special pair of victories. One of these victories was in California, the other in Seattle. Together they represent a large boost for what is known as gay rights, and a kick in the pants for the gospel according to Anita Bryant.

California voters rejected a proposal that would have barred from the public schools any teacher who engaged in or "advocated" homosexuality inside or outside the school. Seattle voters turned down the attempted repeal of city ordinances that prohibit discrimination in employment or housing on the basis of "sexual orientation." To many leaders of the gay-rights movement, the California vote was of paramount importance. It resolves, in the nation's most populous state, the issue, which, in the words of one leader, "brings together all the fears about homosexuals—recruitment, poisoning the minds of the young, role modeling, child molesting." The vote in Seattle, however, seems even more consequential; future observers may well come to regard it as a kind of El Alamein of the gay-rights struggle, the place where a long series of defeats was halted and the first efforts toward a broader victory made.

To the gay-rights movement, that broader victory would, at the very least, guarantee freedom of action in the public areas of life—schools, houses, the workplace, the streets. To some gay activists, the ultimate goal is broader still: public acceptance of homosexuals as "normal" people who are neither immoral nor sick.

Says Jean O'Leary, executive co-director of the National Gay Task Force (NGTF): "Publicly, most people are saying, 'All we want are our constitutional rights. We just don't want to be oppressed.' But the gay lifestyle permeates the entire society, and there's both overt and subtle discrimination against it. So many of our people live in fear—God, so much fear. That's what we're trying to eliminate, so we can be ourselves openly."

The achievement of even freedom of action remains distant. Indeed, the same November balloting that produced the Seattle and California results also defeated a proposed gay-rights ordinance in Dade County (Miami), where the Bryant bandwagon got rolling two years ago. One day later, a committee of the New York City council killed—as it has for the past several years—a hotly debated gay-rights bill. Perhaps most telling, as a measure of political timidity on the gay-rights issue, was the action taken by the governor of Oklahoma, David Boren. Campaigning for the U.S. Senate, Boren, in response to allegations by minor candidates that he is a sexual deviate, placed hand on Bible and swore to a statewide television audience that "I have never engaged in any homosexual or bisexual activities, nor do I approve of them."

These were but the most recent links added to the chain of gay-rights reversals. First in Boulder, Colorado; then in Dade County; then in St. Paul, Minnesota; Wichita, Kansas; and "liberal" Eugene, Oregon, voters stripped from the books ordinances designed to protect homosexuals against the more blatant forms of discrimination.

If the snowballing sentiment had continued unchecked, anti-gay ordinances in some 40 other cities would have been enacted and the cause of gay rights would have been set back at least a decade. The Seattle victory—by a margin of almost two to one—brought an end to that trend.

Concerning the future of gay-rights, Seattle did much more. It proved the worth of a new strategy against Bryantism: a campaign stressing not human

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rights but human privacy, *everybody's* privacy. It also demonstrated that, in an enlightened city, an impressive force of elected officials and other public figures can be mustered to support this politically explosive cause. Further, Seattle, along with California, demonstrated that the gay community's two basic factions—the usually young "radicals" and the usually closeted, middle-class "conservatives"—can work together effectively and in reasonable harmony.

THE SEATTLE VOTE was destined to bring either a big victory or a crushing defeat. "If we can't win here," one after another of the city's gay activists told me, "we can't win anywhere, except San Francisco"—with its large and politically significant gay community. Seattle has a long-standing reputation for tolerance and a more recent receptivity to the presence of homosexuals. As Charles Brydon, a leader of the local gays, puts it, "This city has been desensitized to us. There's a great openness here, a respect for the individual as long as he leaves other people alone. For one thing, churches are not a major focal point in the community. We have the lowest per-capita church attendance in the country."

Seattle's gay community has worked diligently to secure its position. The Dorian Group, a low-key organization of gay business and professional people, was instrumental several years ago in improving gays' relations with the police and in establishing public contacts with elected officials. No straight politicians, not even Republicans, have refused invitations to the Dorians' regular luncheons. Seattle gays have been openly active in political campaigns and in their own political organizing; in the 10 months leading up to last November's election, a coalition of gay groups registered 5,200 new voters.

The city's gay-rights ordinances were actually general minority-rights measures to which sexual orientation was added—in 1973, to cover employment, and in 1975, to cover housing. No controversy accompanied the additions; at the time they seemed perfectly in keeping with the Seattle ethos. But then, 2,700 miles to the southeast, the anti-homosexual crusade began. In Seattle it caught the fancy of two right-wing policemen, Dennis Falk and David Estes, who were spurred into action when a self-proclaimed homosexual applied for a job as a local cop.

Estes, a Mormon, frequently quoted the Bible in denouncing homosexuality; ordinances protecting it, he said, would shelter bestiality and other perversions as well. The burly Falk was less voluble, but when he did speak the results were chilling. In a newspaper interview, he recalled with relish the lead-lined gloves he had worn, and swung, while policing Seattle's volatile university district during the years of campus unrest. Falk holds a high post in the local chapter of the John Birch Society.

Greatly aided by fundamentalist ministers, the two policemen circulated a gay-rights-repeal petition that secured many more than the 17,000 valid signatures needed to get their repeal measure on the ballot. Thus was born Initiative 13, which sought to remove sexual orientation from the list of characteristics protected under the two ordinances. The repealers noted that the sex provisions had seldom been invoked by local citizens (a point the gay-rights people later conceded, arguing that the provisions' real benefits were educational and symbolic). Suddenly the repeal movement seemed to have relentless momentum; some early polls showed it 20 percentage points ahead.

BUT IN ABSORBING the earlier lickings in other cities, the advocates of gay rights had learned a few lessons they now were to apply in Seattle. One was to hold your fire till the target is clear. Seattle's gay leaders—and California's as well—held theirs while the national leadership organized a strategy meeting. In late July, the NGTF brought the leaders from those two beleaguered constituencies, along with people active in the losing campaigns, to two days of meetings in Laguna Beach, California. From those sessions came two basic principles of gay-rights politicking: Don't let the opposition put you on the defensive, as had happened in virtually every other campaign; and choose with utmost care the ground on which to fight. "We have to be careful not to get caught on highly inflammatory issues, like child molestation," says Bruce Voeller, a former co-director of NGTF. "The data on molestation is clear—gay people are *less* guilty of it than non-gays—but the public simply isn't ready to hear that."

Little emphasis was given the matter of unity, because gay leaders realize that unity within their ranks is as difficult to achieve as within society at large. There would be two distinct gay-rights camps in the Seattle campaign, but they would cooperate more often than conflict. The major camp, which enlisted many public figures and other straights, was named Citizens to Retain Fair Employment, generally called "the Citizens." Two smaller, much poorer groups formed the second camp, the radical side of the gay-rights movement in Seattle. One was the Seattle Committee Against Thirteen (SCAT); the other, a

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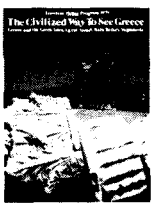

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feminist body that worked closely with SCAT.

Together or separately, the two camps faithfully followed the principles enunciated at Laguna Beach. Neither sounded off until Save Our Moral Ethics (SOME), which led the fight to repeal the ordinances, qualified Initiative 13 for the November ballot; and the Citizens, seeking high ground for combat, developed the issue that ultimately controlled and won the campaign. That issue was privacy. The idea for it germinated in conversations between Seattle leaders and the NGTF, but it was shaped and honed in Seattle.

"We knew from past campaigns that a pure human-rights approach would not fly," says Charles Brydon, whose full-time job is northwest manager for an insurance underwriter. "Besides, the polls we took in July—before the question of repeal had been significantly aired—showed 95 percent of those asked responding positively to questions about privacy. We decided to go with privacy."

SCAT and the feminist group stuck with the issue of civil rights and with an effort to combat what gay activists call homophobia. A SCAT news release termed the election "an opportunity to bring homosexuality out of the closet. ... The opportunity to deliver the simple message that gays are people, too, as entitled to homes and jobs as anybody else." Echoing similar divisions in the American civil rights and women's liberation movements, SCAT's members argued, in opposition to the Citizens, that the election at hand was not so important as the long-range struggle for public acceptance of homosexuality. "The Citizens don't even mention homosexuality in their ads," Michael Katz, a pseudonymous young teacher, complained two weeks before the balloting. "Ours talk directly about lesbian and gay rights. We're telling people, 'Whether you like us or not, this is an issue of our rights.' I think that's essential. Even if we lose here, the kind of educational campaign we've run will have long-term benefits."

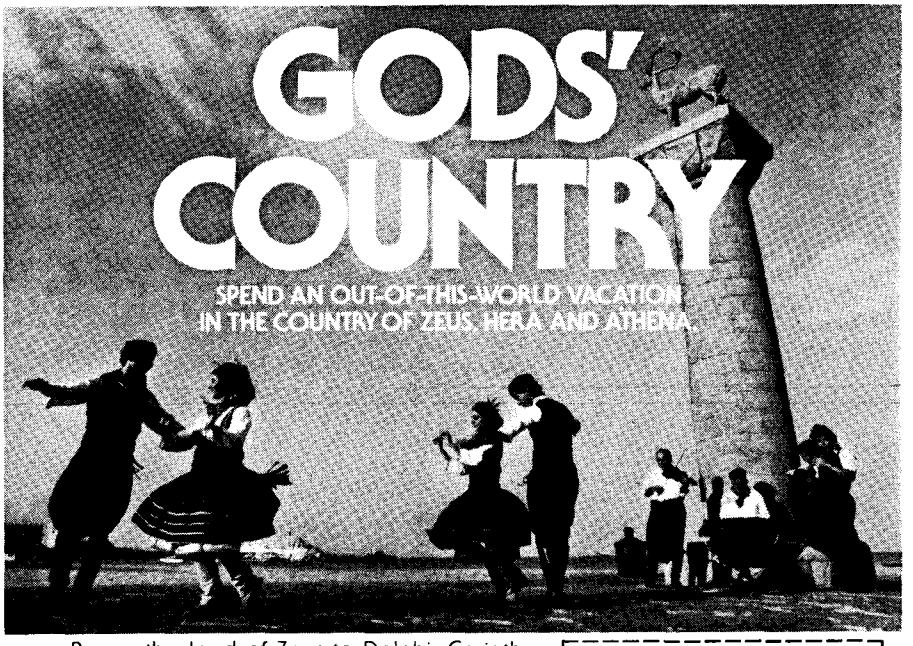
Perhaps the most arresting aspect of SCAT's effort was the "doorbelling" done by its members as part of the anti-homophobia drive. Young men and women, almost all of them gay, personally approached a broad cross-section of Seattle householders to discuss the public's attitudes toward homosexuality. While nobody knows how many votes this venturesome activity produced—for or against gay rights—the doorbellers report that they encountered surprisingly little hostility.

"In talking with 150 to 200 people, I had only one door slammed in my face," says Don Heinzelman, 35, a nurse. "A number of people even said, 'Come on in and talk to us.'" Although Heinzelman and his associates did not advertise their sexual orientation, they discussed it readily when asked. They also emphasized a major theme of the SCAT campaign—the distribution of homosexuals throughout the population; as gay activists put it, "We are everywhere." Explains Heinzelman: "The privacy issue will come and go. But homosexuals, real people, will remain, and we have their lives to deal with."

The Seattle victory proved the worth of a new strategy against Anita Bryantism: a campaign stressing not human rights but human privacy, *everybody's* privacy.

STRATEGISTS FOR the Citizens frowned on SCAT's door-to-door dialogue, which seemed likely to arouse anti-homosexual emotions and votes. "Sure, we have to deal with homophobia," says Brydon, "but not through confrontation. My experience is that, in a tension-loaded situation, you're not going to change people by confronting them or by making them feel guilty. The last thing we wanted to do was to make this vote a referendum on homosexuality."

The decision to peg the campaign to privacy, and to aim it at the fears of Seattle's straights, was not an exercise in Madison Avenue sophistry. If the two ordinances were repealed, straights could be denied jobs or housing on the assertion that they are homosexuals—with the burden on them to prove the accuser wrong; further, evidence against them could consist merely of behavior traits that the accuser considers gay and undesirable. Playing on these fears, the Citizens' radio and television commercials stressed "mini-dramas" of straight people bedeviled by homosexual innuendo; one had a working wife coming home to report that she'd been fired—she'd frequently had lunch with a girlfriend. SCAT also mined this area, with a poster proclaiming that, if the ordinances were repealed, people who live with roommates of the same sex, "speak up too



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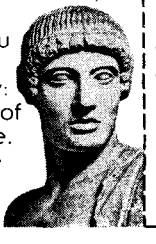

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much at work," or are simply single would be vulnerable to discrimination.

The privacy theme helped the Citizens line up an impressive collection of supporters, most notably elected officials who would not have risked identification with homosexuality per se. The big names included former mayor Wes Uhlmann and his police chief; the wife of present mayor Charles Royer; the secretary of state; and several Seattle-area legislators. The city council, in certifying 13 for the ballot, denounced it as "frightening and un-American," and the vast majority of Jewish and non-fundamentalist Christian ministers responded in terms only slightly less forthright.

The gay-rights campaign was reasonably well financed. SCAT had enough money to carry out its low-budget tactics, and the Citizens raised over $100,000. The Citizens devoted their media funds to radio and television, on the grounds that these offer the best opportunities for dramatizing highly emotional issues.

Even against these strengths, the opponents of gay rights might yet have prevailed. Fears about homosexuals, their "lifestyles," and their alleged appetite for recruiting the innocent young are so ingrained that arousing the fearful seems to be rather simple work. The lopsided anti-gay votes in Miami, St. Paul, Wichita, and Eugene give evidence of that. But the Seattle campaign to repeal the same vulnerable ordinances was congenitally weak and generally inept. SOME had little money, no TV commercials, and almost no "names." Except by sending a large check, even Anita Bryant did not participate. One reason was scheduling conflicts; more important were SOME's desire to localize the campaign and its fear that her appearance would produce more trouble than benefit.

Perhaps more significantly, SOME had, in Patrolmen Estes and Falk, leaders incapable of inspiring public confidence or running a campaign. Their combination of tough talk and pious declarations was damaging enough; on top of that, just when SOME was gathering momentum, Falk fatally shot an unarmed black burglary suspect.

A professional organizer of conservative causes, Jerry Shaw, was eventually hired to direct the SOME campaign. Shaw consigned the two cops to office work, but other problems were insoluble. When I saw him in late October, he was morose about the campaign's lack of funds. "We've run through A, B, and C plans of operation," he said. "We must be on plan F at this point." Shaw acknowledged that the opposition's privacy theme had proved devastating. In a revealing admission about the nature of the anti-gay movement, he also said he would have preferred that the advocates of repeal make no public appearances at all, noting that "we haven't really gained by public debate."

IN THE END, 62.9 percent of Seattle's voters rejected Initiative 13, thus preserving the two gay-rights ordinances. Victory triggered a rash of overstatements: "People realize that gays are part of the mainstream of the community"; "we've delivered the simple message that gays are God's people, too." But sober leaders of the gay movement know that the results of Seattle are much less momentous. The election mainly proved that the anti-homosexual tide can be stemmed. What remains to be proved is whether it can be stemmed in other places under less favorable circumstances. With the ordinances on the books in 40-odd cities, the test will probably not be long in coming.

Should gay candidates proclaim, or play down, their homosexuality?

Meanwhile, gay leaders can again look toward a future that was suddenly clouded two years ago. They are talking about a federal gay-rights law and about a national effort to get what Brydon calls "credible, respectable gay people to run for public office." A few self-professed homosexuals, including San Francisco's murdered supervisor, Harvey Milk, have been elected in the past couple of years, although some have done their professing only after taking office. Inevitably there will now be arguments within the movement over whether gay candidates should proclaim their homosexuality and their intention of working for gay rights, as Milk did, or play down the first and avoid the second.

Many activists seem to favor at least discreet proclamations, not only because of pride but also because the new officeholder can then be held accountable. "We've been burned on this in the past," says Bruce Voeller. "I'm almost certain six U.S. senators are gay. Yet we've gotten very little political help from any of six, and two of them bend over backward to denounce us." That problem is one no other minority faces. But then, the closets of Congress are notably good hiding places. ◉

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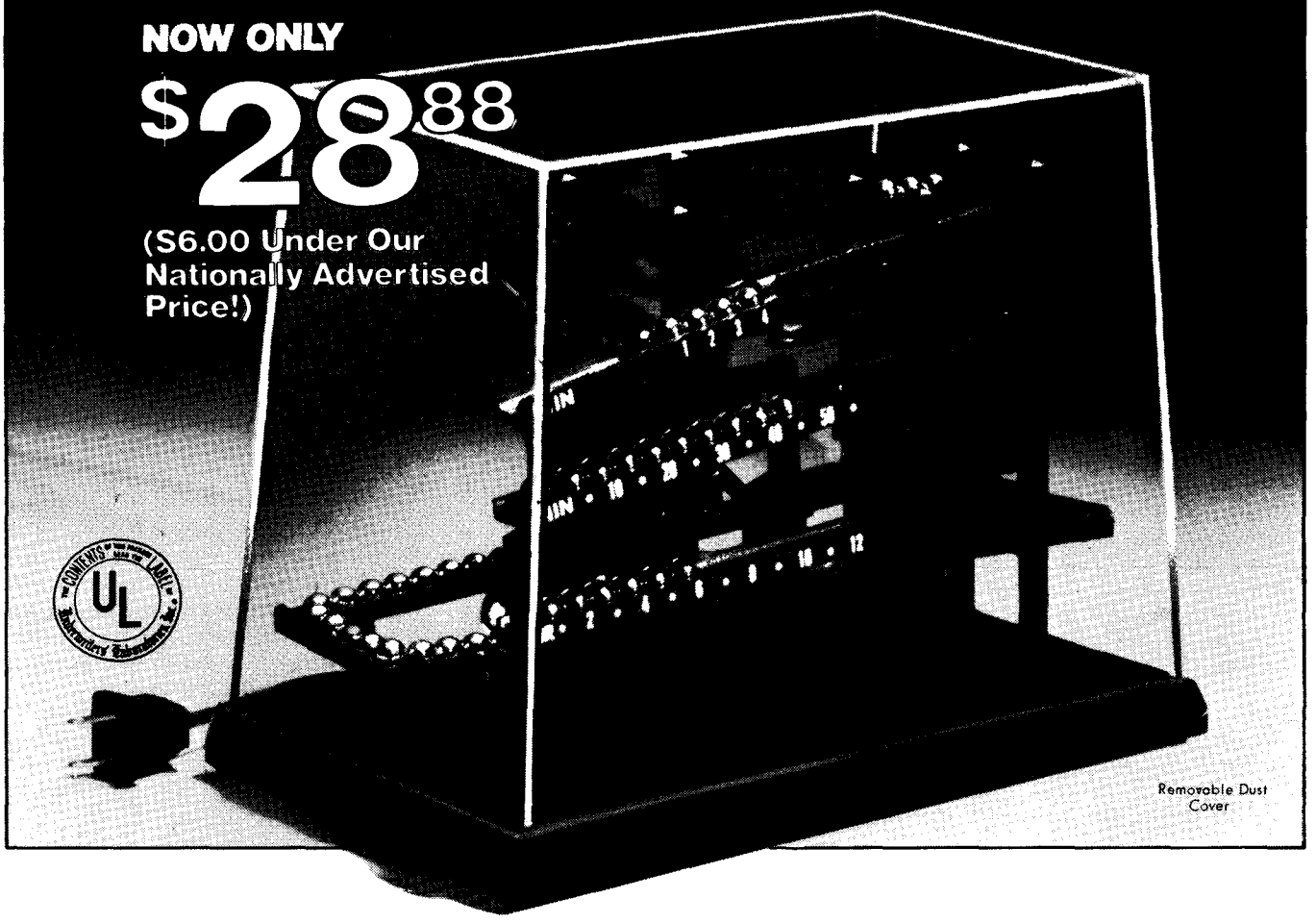

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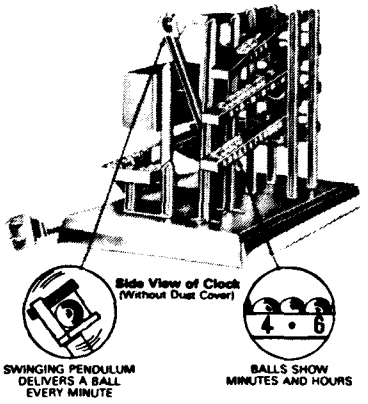

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GIFTS OF LOVE

A VALENTINE PORTFOLIO

LONG AGO balladeers were cooing maudlin lyrics from a song called "These Foolish Things Remind Me of You." One of the foolish things was "an airline ticket to romantic places." In the section that follows, which has all to do with Eros (it being the proper season), the in-house vagabond has chosen—from an atlas brimful of passionate purlieus—12 romantic places, one for each month. In addition, Peter Andrews follows with an exercise about getting stoned at the jeweler's, specifically Tiffany's and Van Cleef and Arpels; Sam Aaron and Clifton Fadiman lyricize about Eros and vinos; and the resident critics come up with assorted events on romantic themes swept together under the heading of Love Lookouts. Cupid's calendar, so to say.

A CALENDAR OF ROMANTIC PLACES

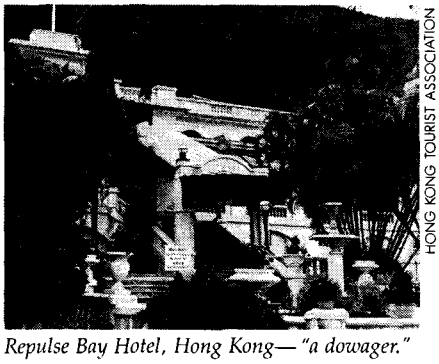
BY HORACE SUTTON

January

IT HAS only 4 rooms, each of them huge, livable, and finished in lustrous, deep-hued Haitian mahogany. It is the Villa Katherine Dunham, once the private preserve of the anthropologist turned dancer who also owns the property across the road, which was once the estate of Pauline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon, and is now Haiti's superswish sanctuary called Habitation LeClerc. Everyone knows the Habitation, but only the connoisseurs know of the Dunham villa, where tables for two are set up on the tiled apron of the pool and there is little to do except read, take the sun, sip a drink, and, well, look at each other. If ennui sets in, there is always a taxi to call for shopping expeditions for baubles at Pericles in downtown Port-au-Prince, paintings up in the hills at the Galerie Monnet, or a dip in the sea at Kyona, a fine beach an hour away.

February

FAR OFF in the South China Sea, far away from the hubbub of double-decker trolleys, whirling cabs, and battalions of people, the Repulse Bay



HONG KONG TOURIST ASSOCIATION

Repulse Bay Hotel, Hong Kong—"a dowager."

Hotel is an outpost that seems to belong to an Italian lake rather than to the British Crown Colony at Hong Kong. The hotel sits high, like a dowager propped in a wicker rocker, surveying the sea and the small islands that are circled now and then by pleasure junks. The portico is wide, and lunch is served on the airy terrace—gracefully and with the aplomb of the trained *camerieri* of Stresa on Lago Maggiore. There are only 24 rooms, each of them huge, opening to a wide-screen view of Repulse Bay, so called because a British man-of-war, the S.S. *Repulse*, put in there. It takes 20 minutes to get to town in case of a rendezvous at the Dragon Boat bar of the Hong Kong Hilton, or a five minutes' whisk to the selective Nautilus Club on an adjoining patch of sand alongside the local McDonald's.

March

BY NOW it is warm enough on the barrier islands for camellias and then azaleas to brighten the trails of the mid-South, otherwise decorated with live oak and slash pine. At Amelia Island, near Jacksonville, the southernmost of an archipelago that begins up in the Carolinas, there is a developed plantation (see *SR* February 3, 1979) with clusters of condominiums hidden away in the greenery. Some are a few stories high so that those on the upper floors can look over the dunes to the sea; others are single-story. But one nest of 21 villas is a valentine abode for each of 21 couples. There are just 21 pool bedrooms, so called because each unit has one bedroom and its own private pool. There is a housekeeping unit to ward off scurvy. In case any occupant leaves the premises, there are 27 holes of golf, a spate of composition tennis courts, bike trails, and walkways through the woodlands, and miles of sea. But then, like the owls and the osprey and other fauna who live here, there is always the nest to return to. And the private pool.

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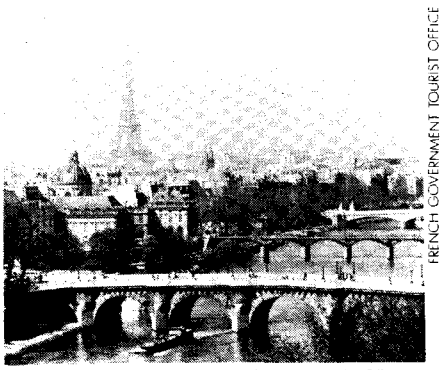
April

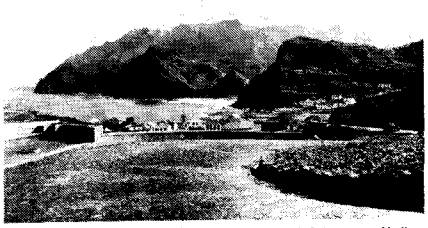


FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

Paris and the Seine— "Lunch at the Ritz?"

IF IT'S April it must be Paris. A walk under the blossoming chestnut trees. A stroll in the leafy arbor along the Seine. A promenade through the bird market on Sundays. An elegant lunch at the Ritz. A picnic on a greensward in the Bois. A glass to linger over at the Café de la Paix. And a remembrance of Hammerstein's lyric, "Who can I run to? What have you done to my heart?" perhaps the most plaintive doublet ever penned on a lead sheet. To pay homage to the most storied lovers of all time, take a taxi to the Cimetière Père La Chaise and toss a flower on the graves of Eloise and Abelard who lie in eternity, together.

May



Pôrto de Cruz, Madeira— "no wishing-well."

HIGH, HIGH up amid the peaks of Madeira, far, far from Funchal down at the level of the sea, there's a small hotel. No wishing-well, perhaps, but a view of the greening valley so grand as to bring a tear to a romantic's eye. White pigeons fly formation below, cotton clouds, untethered in the sky, are in aimless drift above, toys of the winds. Sometimes the showers bring rainbows that stretch like the back of an arching cat, from one peak to another. What you ask for is the Portuguese pousada at Vinháticos. What you pay (at least when I looked last) is less than $20 a day. There are only four rooms so strike early.

June

THE ROSES are in bloom on Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard and many other places. Take a room at the Charlotte Inn on the Vineyard before the summer people descend. Walk the leafy streets past the celebrated Vineyard Gazette, commune with the early summer sea, have a talk with a sandpiper, and come home always to the carpeted halls, the art-filled corridors of the Charlotte Inn, one of the most exquisite of all New England country shelters. There

Charlotte Inn, Martha's Vineyard— "leafy."

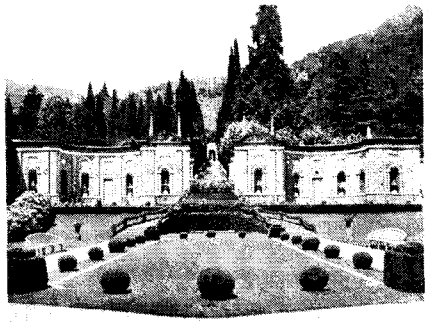
one can roost in an elegant, traditionally furnished chamber hung with engaging art, and descend for blueberry muffins, tea or coffee served amid a forest of greenery at Chez Pierre, a museum on its own account.

July

HIDDEN AWAY in Saint-Etienne-de-Baïgorry, in the middle of the Basque country of southern France, the Hotel du Trinquet has strung some of its 32 rooms in small houses along the Nourèpe River. Each has a private bath, but better than that, each also has a private balcony from which the dwellers, not otherwise occupied, can dangle a line for trout. Michelin gives the restaurant one star, but I give the place a moon-washed constellation. The *poulet sauté basquaise* is the perfect model of that classic creation, but you can't eat that for every meal so the management also does wild pigeon in red wine, *confit d'oie*, grilled salmon, and wild boar, any of which can be washed down with blanc de blanc or rosé d'Irouléguy from the hotel's own cellars. Terrace over the water, climbing roses, and an old stone bridge that leads into town where the church sits in a field of clover, cloaked in ivy.

August

THE SEASON is in full gear, but no matter. Fly to Milan, take a car to Como, and engage a room with a view at the Hotel Villa d'Este, once



ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL OFFICE

Villa d'Este, Lake Como— "elegant villa."

the elegant villa of that stylish ecclesiast, Cardinal Gallio. There, under an enormous plane tree, in whose shade the cardinal held court, waiters in blue-striped, boat-neck shirts fetch platters of cold spaghetti enlivened with capers and olives, spongy slices of mozzarella, green with basil, glistening with oil, scarlet with the season's first tomatoes. After siesta, a set of tennis on the red clay courts, a dip in the pool built into a barge anchored by the lake. By night take a speedboat for dinner under the magnolia tree at Le Tout Paris, then home to Villa d'Este for a Strega in the Canova Room where musicians serenade the customers and, as well, the mute statue of Venus crowned by Eros, a bit of bric-a-brac left by Caroline of Brunswick who lived here in exile from George IV. But basta! I seduce myself.

September

IF APPROACHING autumnal melancholia chills the spirit, a calm, celestial retreat awaits in the kingdom of Kashmir. Royal lodgings can be had on a houseboat set adrift on Dal or Magin Lake. The Himalayas tower above. Servants are at one's elbow. These floating luxury apartments are provided with separate kitchen boats. Servants prepare meals and row them to the dining salon. Every houseboat is equipped with a *shikara*, an elegant launch plush with cushions and canopy for making trips to shore. And if you choose to remain cozily ensconced in your love nest, all deliveries (including mail) will be made to your door.

October

GET THEE to a forest in Corsica. Find a glen shaded by chestnut trees and carpeted with ferns, cooled by a rushing mountain brook where the trout run. Fill a basket with coarse country pâté, Corsican cheese

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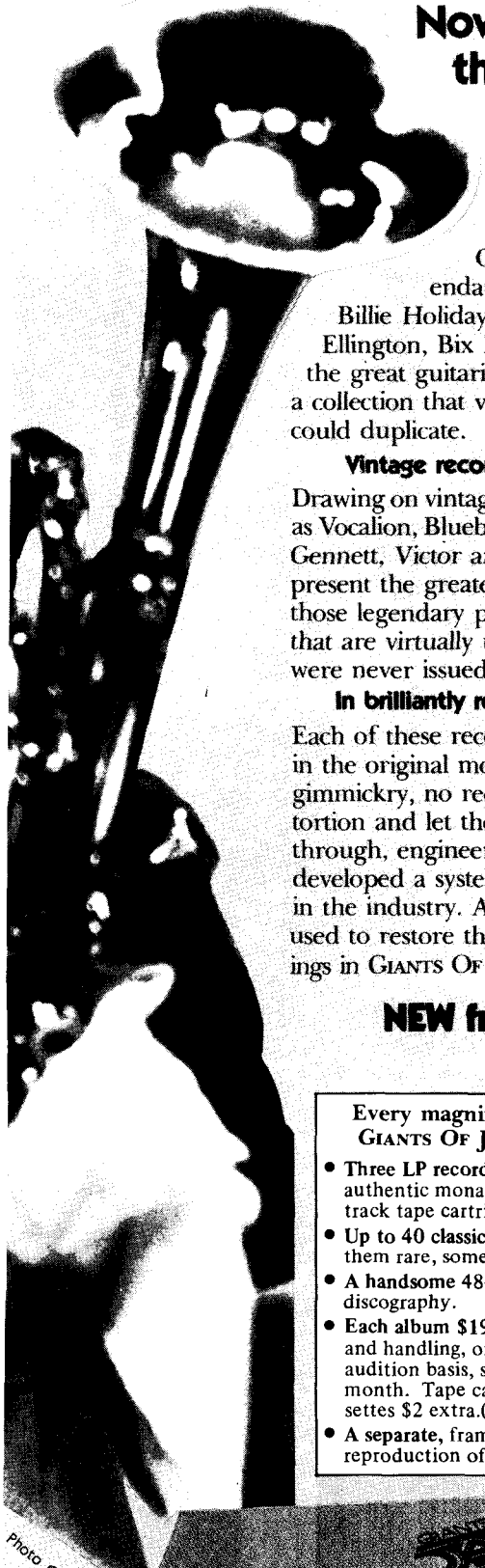

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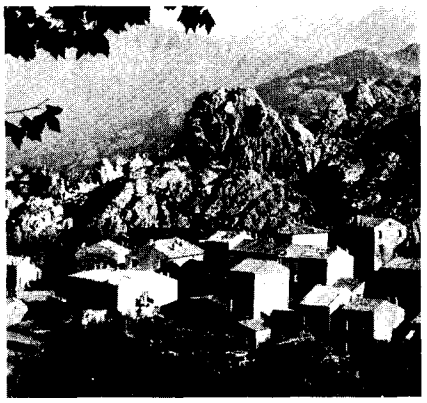


Corsican village— "Find a glen."

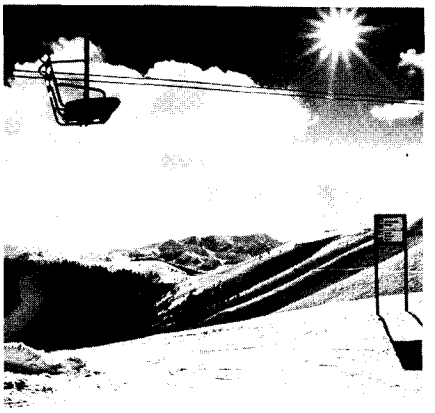
and bread, sausages made from porkers who run loose to feed on the chestnuts that fall with the autumn. Finish with a *marc de raisin* and fall asleep on the forest floor. The woodlands, alas, are more romantic than the inns, but there are rooms at Cargèse, that strange Greek village where refugees from the depredations of the Turks washed up 300 years ago. The boat people of another time. The same priest rings the bells at the Greek Orthodox church and the Roman Catholic. Perhaps he pauses en route as he promenades from one to another, to view the white yachts and the fishing smacks in the harbor below.

November

SOME WOULD insist that going to Marrakesh means taking rooms at the Mamounia where Winston Churchill went to paint when the English winter wound on and on. The olive orchards, the groves of tangerine and orange trees, the tumbling bougainvillea and the geranium trees, all in the gardens, are fetching, but the hotel shows its years. I would turn to the Club Mediterranée's local edition which may just be one of the most striking hostelries in the world. It sits at the edge of the casbah on the corner of D'jemaa-el-Fna, that kooky square where the cocktail-hour circus includes tumblers, and snake charmers.

December

WRAP YOURSELF in buffalo rugs and take the next sled out to Trail Creek Cabin, that toasty retreat on the grounds of Sun Valley in whitest Idaho. The holiday season brings out the stars over from the Hollywoods to slide the slopes; dunk in the steamy, heated pool; stand in line at the popcorn machine; and skate in the village center at Elkhorn, a mile or so away. It takes 200 instructors, all of them in bright orange jackets, to teach everybody how to use the slats. Smashing little condo apartments to rent, comfortable rooms at the Inn, and everything from a Konditorei full of Florentiners and Linzertortes to the



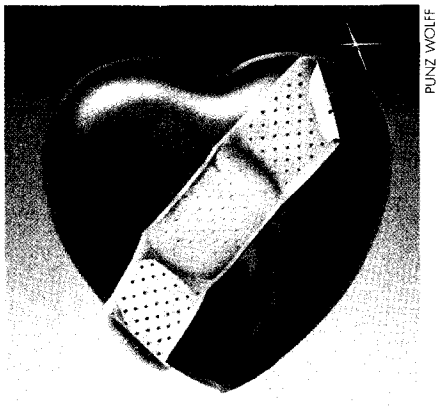
Sun Valley— "Wrap yourself in buffalo rugs."

Ore House, full of skiers and beer after the slopes close. The Duchin Room may well serve the world's best breakfast, just the thing to follow a night to remember. The ski patrol signals the end of the year by sending a phalanx of skiers down the mountain on New Year's Eve carrying flaming torches. Style, that's what.

FROM HIM TO HER

MARION DAVIES may well have been one of the world's most pampered mistresses. Friend to William Randolph Hearst for three decades, Davies relates in *The Times We Had* how he pursued her with great ardor even before they had been officially introduced. One night, as she was leaving a party with her current beau, Angier Biddle Duke, "W.R." (as she fondly called Hearst) asked her if he could bid her good night and shake her hand. She gave him permission to do so, at which point she felt something drop into her hand. She waited until Duke had taken her home and left and then she opened her palm. Nestled there was a diamond wristwatch.

MARY CLARK, a TV celebrity-watcher and former gossip columnist for *New York* magazine, is a blonde, blue-eyed Texan who lives in New York and has a strange fetish—she loves armadillos. One day, she mentioned to a beau that she admired an armadillo rocking chair. On her birthday four months later, the chair arrived piece by piece from Austin, Texas, custom-made with her name engraved on the back and two wooden armadillos happily perched on either side.



PUNZ WOLFF

ENAMORED OF Antoinette de Pons, King Henri IV of France sent her an epistle proposing marriage in 1590. It was written in his own blood. She refused his offer.

TO CELEBRATE the birthday of his lover, Mathilde Wesendonk, Richard Wagner hired an orchestra of 18 musicians who performed *Traume* beneath her bedroom window. *Traume* was one of five poems Mathilde had written which Wagner set to music.

CARLO PONTI, the cinemaestro, bought a beautiful villa adjoining the celebrated watering hole called Elio Cabala outside of Rome. A former Fascist property, it had been sequestered by the government for taxes. Ponti paid the $20,000 in taxes; the villa was soon worth half a million. He gave the estate to Sophia Loren, who is his wife. She once fancied Richard Burton, which gave Ponti second thoughts about his largesse.

THE LATE POET Kenneth Patchen dedicated all of his poetry—about 40 books worth—to his wife Miriam. Patchen said he couldn't have written without her and that the poems were "not so much to her as from her."

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GETTING STONED AT THE JEWELERS

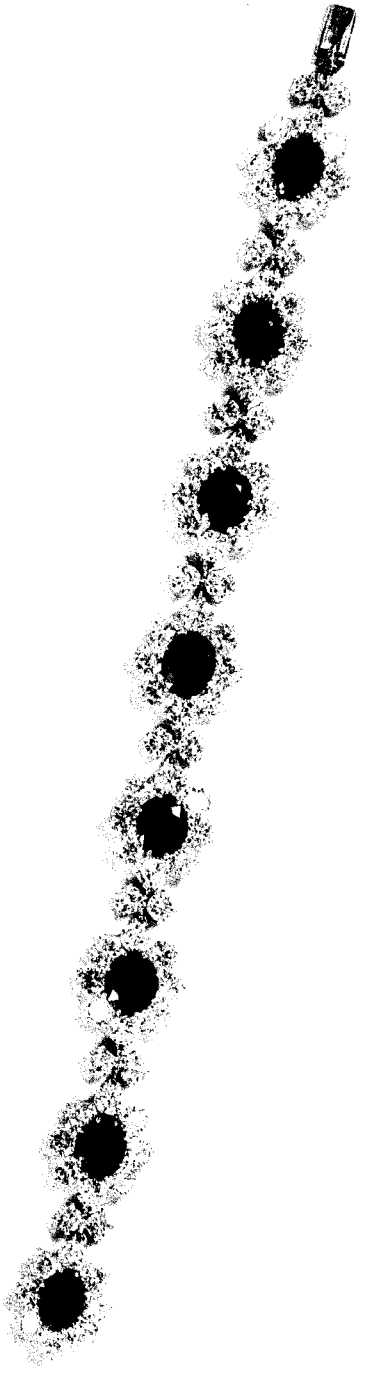
BY PETER ANDREWS

My wife, Marjorie, is a woman of the simplest tastes. Just give her a plain emerald-cut diamond of about 15 or so carats in a straightforward platinum setting and she cares not who writes the nation's laws. As a matter of fact, she is not consumed with interest over who writes them anyway, but the prospect of a bit of expensive jewelry always brings her around like a startled chorus girl.

Many years ago, shortly before we were to get married, Marjorie and I had a long luncheon discussing matters of high purpose and serious consequence in our future lives together. I propounded and she distinctly agreed that we would not waste money on an engagement ring, which only plunges in value the moment you leave the store. A small gold band would be enough to plight our troth and then I would take out a bit more life insurance. I went back to work delighted in the knowledge that I was marrying such a sensible woman. Meanwhile Marjorie marched across the street to one of the city's most prestigious jewelers, opened an account in my name, and charged up a whacking big diamond and sapphire ring. Her somewhat ingenuous explanation for an action that by rights should have ended her up in the slammer was that I "wasn't making any sense." Long before Betty Friedan started roiling the waters, Marjorie held to the theory that no woman has to pay the slightest bit of attention to a man who is talking rot.

It took years and years to pay off the ring and I am still what Mutual of Omaha would call woefully underinsured, but when I go, Marjorie can seek solace by gazing into the icy light of what through the changing economic climate has now become perhaps our single most important family asset. Lorelei Lee may have been right.

Marjorie's favorite shopping turf in all the world is the diagonal stretch of roadway in New York City at the corner of 57th Street and Fifth Avenue that binds Tiffany's and Van Cleef and Arpels together like a pair of somewhat mismated Siamese twins. Tiffany's is a large, happy castle of elegance where hundreds of shoppers gather on the main floor to buy anything from a $5 pack of playing cards to a perfectly good pearl stickpin that costs a touch over $500 or a marquise-shaped diamond ring for $500,000. Van Cleef and Arpels is a tiny bandbox of a place where customers are waited on at individual suede-topped tables in a hushed atmosphere so *intime* and continental that it seems a shame to speak English. These two and Harry Winston's down the block at 56th Street and Fifth Avenue sell most of what Marjorie calls "the good stuff" in New York.



Van Cleef emerald-and-diamond bracelet—"icy"

Marjorie and I went "shopping" a while ago on this gilded strand looking for something for Valentine's Day. When it comes to good stuff Marjorie has long since learned that until I learn how to write like Harold Robbins, she has to put quotation marks around the word shopping. But, curiously, she doesn't seem to mind. Her philosophy is, "I would rather have real baguettes on my wrist for five minutes than wear rhinestones for the rest of my life."

We went to Van Cleef's first. Marjorie started slowly with a small 14-carat gold chain with an attachment in the form of a wax seal with the word "love" in raised letters for $340. Marjorie said that was cute, and then moved on to a spray of rubies which she was told was suitable for the afternoon, and then to an emerald and diamond bracelet which was just right for the evening. Marjorie's eye for luxury, however, has lost none of its quickness and she fastened on a 117-carat diamond necklace with an extra-large stone which could be removed for informal occasions. There was no price tag on the necklace and the subject of price seemed rather a painful subject, but we were led to believe that for something on the order of $350,000 the thing could be ours. I discovered that price is a dodgy subject at Van Cleef's not just because it is vulgar to talk about money in the presence of beauty but also because, as we were informed, "at a certain point in diamonds,

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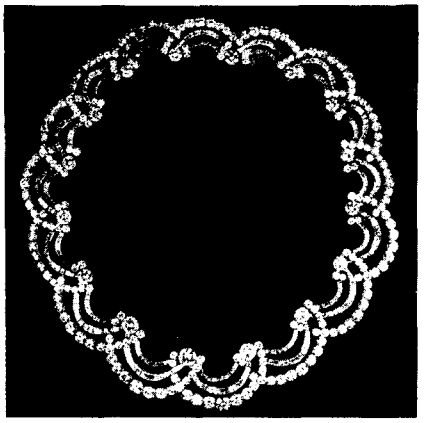
Van Cleef seal of love—"cute"



Winston necklace—"the good stuff"

everything is negotiable."

A harried khedive might just pop in with a satchel full of ready cash or perhaps the customer might like the diamonds but want to change the setting or add a few emeralds to go with her ball gown. I was struck by the casualness of the way the saleslady said it all. I realized in a stroke how much more perfectly Fitzgerald realized that rich people are different from the rest of us than Hemingway ever understood. To go around rearranging a $350,000 necklace to add a complementary flash of green for a dress requires more than just having money. It requires an attitude that only a few possess.

Reluctantly, Marjorie said no thank you and we prepared to leave. Van Cleef's must have known we were just looking, but graciousness is as much a part of the establishment as the tiaras they still have in stock for a few old customers, and we were made to feel that we should come back soon. As we were leaving Marjorie saw in the window the diamond crown Napoleon gave to Empress Josephine, part of Van Cleef and Arpel's private collection.

"God, I wonder how much that costs," Marjorie said.

"Negotiable, I suppose. After all, along with a few other indiscretions, it cost him an empire."

Marjorie looked for a moment at the facets sparkling in the brisk New York afternoon sky. "Worth every bit of it," she said and headed for Tiffany's.

Tiffany's is a bit more of an open market than Van Cleef's and it's possible to engage in raillery that seems particularly out of place in Van Cleef's. Marjorie was first drawn to an ornate watch encrusted with diamonds that sold for $30,000—Tiffany's is not squeamish about prices. I pointed out that it cost $30,000 and you could hardly see the dial.

"The dial," she told me, "is the last thing you're supposed to look at."

Over at the ring counter near the front door, Marjorie gazed rapturously at trays of gems ranging from little more than chips to one approximately as large as a good-sized kidney stone.

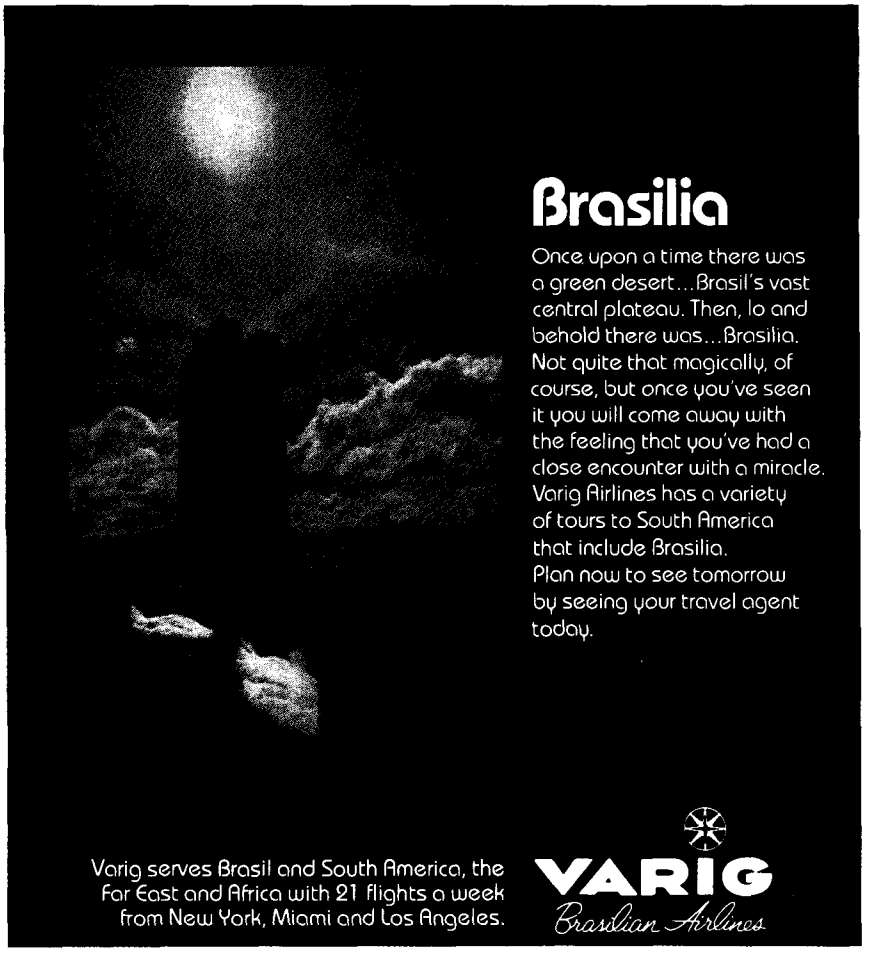
"Don't you think diamonds are a little too much for Valentine's Day?" I asked.

"Diamonds," the clerk interjected smoothly, "are always in good taste."

Marjorie, sensing a kindred spirit in the man, spent a happy quarter of an hour discussing the difference in quality between high grade "extra river" diamonds and the more lowly "fine whites." I occupied myself with a deep blue Tanzanite ring of some 30 carats that sold for $73,000 while Marjorie tried out a brace of pear-shaped diamonds that ranged as high as $165,000.

Then she turned back to me and said, "All right, I'm through 'shopping.' Now buy me something for Valentine's Day. I want one of those blue boxes from Tiffany's."

There was much to choose from. Tiffany's stocks more than 500 gift items for less than $100. Because I don't write anything like Harold Robbins, damn it, I finally chose a small ceramic box in the shape of a heart. It cost $9, is lined in red, and says "love you" on the top. Marjorie kissed me and told me she loved me too. When we got home, she put it on her dresser. She keeps her cuff links in it. ◉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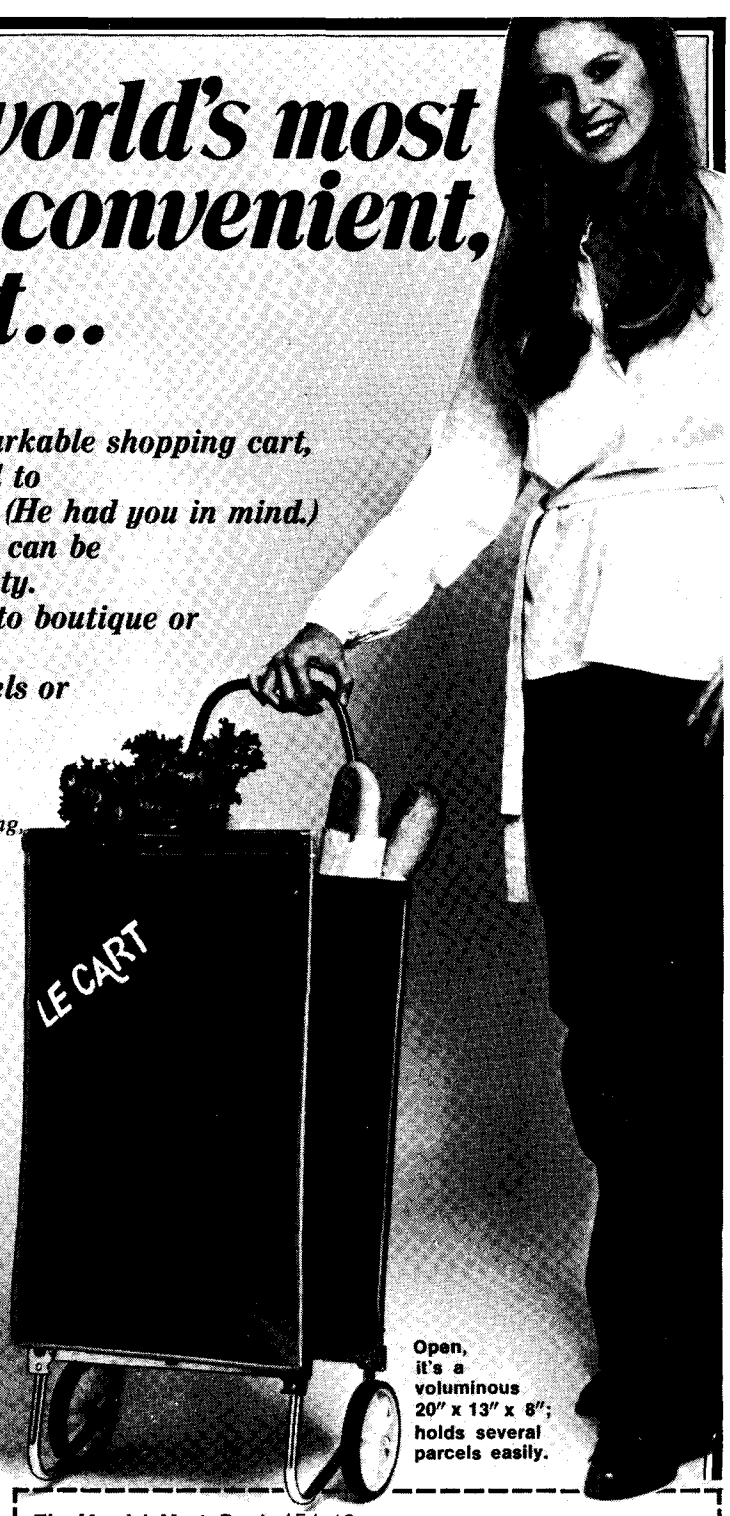

Open, it's a voluminous 20″ x 13″ x 8″; holds several parcels easily.

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AMOUR UNDER GLASS

THE WINES OF LOVE

BY SAM AARON
AND CLIFTON FADIMAN

ONE DAY DURING the autumn grape harvest, Henri de Villaine, the proprietor of the prestigious Domaine de la Romanée-Conti, was watching the laborers in his fields when he espied a beautiful girl. Unlike other workers who pulled off the grapes at random, she removed the clusters lovingly, with especial care. De Villaine approached the girl. "Everyone else is tearing grapes off the vine hurriedly and carelessly, but you do it with such tenderness and finesse," he said. "You must truly love wine."

"Ah, non, m'sieu," the girl replied blushingly. "I don't drink at all. But my husband loves wine, and truly when he drinks well, I get the best of it."

Wine and love go together. Venus, vinous... they almost chime. At least as far back as Solomon and Plato the happy alliance is celebrated. We should take pleasure in recalling that Chambolle-Musigny's first growths are headed by Les Amoureuses, immediately followed by Les Charmes; that there exists a Saint-Amour, hailed by the great Lichine as one of the fullest of the Beaujolais; that, if you wish to give sweets to the sweet, you may choose the almost candy-like sherry Amoroso. Reflect on the feminine gender of the name Château Mouton-Baronne-Philippe, of which every bottle eternalizes the affection of the Baron for his late wife, Pauline, to whose rare taste all lovers of beauty owe in large part the exquisite museum of wine and art at Mouton. On Valentine's Day, or any day, it would be a proper wine for your beloved.

Just as fitting might be Calon-Ségur, the third growth claret many would elevate to the rank of second. Though he also owned the supreme vineyards

Perrier-Jouet's bottle— "broker of Eros."

Latour and Lafite, Calon was the favorite of its one-time proprietor the Marquis de Ségur. "I make wine," he said, "at Lafite and Latour, but my heart is at Calon." And so on the label of this gracious wine the name and provenance of Calon-Ségur are enclosed in an outline of the Marquis's heart.

Love, in its waning no less than in its crescent phase, may lie back of a wine's life story. In 1760 the prince de Conti topped Mme. de Pompadour's bid for a certain vineyard. Her funds were insufficient, for they say that Louis XV, observing the fading of her charms, had cut her allowance. Had the king's heart, as well as his purse, been more open, a master-Burgundy might today be mistressified and be called not Romanée-Conti but Romanée-Pompadour. And the price —surely we would have to pay for the sexier label—might be even higher.

If we are to believe the Champagnards, there is a postscript to the Pompadour story. Miffed, she transferred her devotion from Burgundy to Champagne, remarking, "Champagne is the only wine that leaves a woman beautiful after drinking it." A court lady added her gloss: It gives brilliance to the eye without flushing the face.

Be that as it may, it was in fact only during the Regency, in the first 30 years of the most gallant of centuries, that Champagne, today firmly fixed as the literal essence of amorous conviviality, came into fashion. At a candle-lit *petit souper* offered by the duc de Vendôme, 12 lovelies, minimally clad as bacchantes, each carrying a basket of flowers, made their appearance. At a signal from the marquis de Sillery, a Champagne vineyard owner (the name and growth are still with us), they

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plunged their hands into their baskets and, according to Saint-Simon, presented each guest with "a pear-shaped bottle of Champagne stamped with the Sillery coat of arms...." Wrote the Abbé de Chaulieu, "Hardly did it appear than from my mouth it passed into my heart." Surely we must allot some of the credit for this transfer to the marquis's maenads.

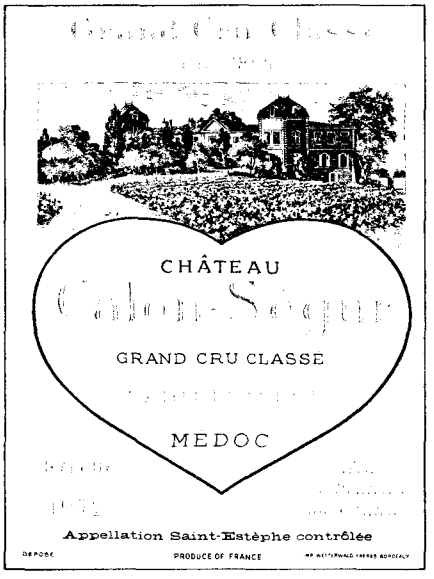
As the broker of Eros, Champagne still remains supreme. The wedding of Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly was given added ratification by a special cuvée made up by Pommery and Gréno. A generation later at the nuptials of Caroline and Philippe Junot the gesture was repeated. Film buffs will remember that in *Love Affair* it was pink Champagne (whose blush, we have just learned, does not reappear in the complexion) that encouraged Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer to the required level of mutual attraction. Furthermore, to introduce a Lucinian note into these romantic reflections, we might add that Dr. Salvatore P. Lucia in his *Wine and Your Well-Being* lauds Champagne as a help in pregnancy nausea and as a food after natural childbirth. The wine authority Raymond Postgate thought Tokay, with its high phosphorus content, might be useful in cases of infertility.

Canny Shakespeare, knowing the line would bring down the house, has the Porter in *Macbeth* say of the drink that "it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance." If the Porter had spirits in mind, perhaps—but only perhaps—so. Wine, on the other hand, in moderation, has always been reputed helpful in bringing an affair to bedroom temperature.

Somewhere we have seen it remarked that the only really dependable aphrodisiacs, from the male viewpoint at any rate, are two in number: the first being the presence of a desired woman, the second her absence. Still, wine helps. The present owners of Château Lafite are fond of citing the case of the duc de Richelieu, grandson of the great cardinal, who at 84 married his fourth wife, a lovely young widow. He died, apparently still vigorous at 92, ascribing his powers of endurance to his lifetime habit of consuming Lafite. The same point can be made negatively; surely George Bernard Shaw's ostensible asexuality must connect with his addiction (for what else can one call it?) to water. A teetotaling great lover would be an anomaly. Hilaire Belloc writes nothing but the truth:

The dank despisers of the Vine arise
To watch grey dawns and mourn indifferent skies.

But is it only to poetry and pillow-talk that we owe the entwining of Venery and the Vine? In his *New Encyclopedia of Wine and Spirits* Lichine quotes



The Marquis's label— "my heart is at Calon."

MOMA/FILM STILLS ARCHIVE

Boyer and Dunne in Love Affair*—"encouraged to the required level of mutual attraction."*

two researchers, Portmann and Eylaud, as stating that "a small amount of alcohol can increase the vigor of the human machine by 15 percent." However, as the amount of alcohol is increased, an actual inhibitory effect appears. The right proportion, thinks Lichine, is the approximate 11 percent found in most natural wines.

But lovemaking, as all sensible practitioners know, is more than a matter of heightened physical energy. The right things are said and imagined, the right moves made, when the players are in the condition of the Zen archer—relaxed, unselfconscious, not goal-obsessed. As with music, the most satisfying performances are not of the kind that are cited in *The Guinness Book of World Records*.

How easily pleasing similitudes flood the mind. Just as a fine bottle is bettered by the passage of slow time, so is the making of love perfected in an ambience from which is excluded the tick of the urgent clock. And, as has been remarked, both lady and bottle should always be grasped by the waist, never the neck.

And so, if St. Valentine could make his appearance this week, surely he would approve supplementing the traditional greeting card with love's lubricant. A single bottle will gently persuade. A case will overwhelm. Can you conceive a prettier or less ambiguous message than a jeroboam—that's 101 sparkling ounces—of Perrier-Jouet Fleur de Champagne 1973, with enameled flowers hand-painted on the bottle: $125? If your beloved likes a perfectly balanced sweet wine—it's reinvigorating, nicely chilled, at about 2 A.M.—send her Joseph Phelps Johannisberg Riesling 1975, Selected Late Harvest, which at $26.95 the bottle is as good value as the best Beerenauslese. Although it measures 12 percent sugar, there's not a cloy in a mouthful.

If your purse does not run to such extravagant gestures of affection, we have two more modest suggestions that may prove just as effective. The first is Ranoldi's Valtellina Red 1975, from romantic Italy. For $4.49 you get an imposing bottle holding 59 ounces. The second suggestion, a white, is from California—a magnum (50.7 ounces) of Sonoma Vineyard Chenin Blanc '77, a superb wine for the price, $5.69.

On the other hand you may have your eye on Bianca Jagger. There's an Haut-Brion '99 available for $475 per bottle; or a Château Lafite Rothschild 1877 at $1,500 per bottle. Better still, for $4,760 you can buy (no extra charge for delivery) a bottle of Lafite 1832. If you don't want to stand in line, hurry. ◉

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LOVELOOKOUTS

Passion on Point

The world's most beloved lovers are surely Romeo and Juliet. Of several musical scores composed in tribute to the young lovers, Sergei Prokofiev's music for the three-act ballet of *Romeo and Juliet* is the most popular. And one of the most famous choreographies is that by Kenneth MacMillan for Britain's Royal Ballet. It's been performed worldwide since its debut in 1965, but if you've missed it, head for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London, for performances February 20, 22, and 28. (If you can't make it, see the San Francisco Ballet's version on PBS-TV, June 6.)

The story of an inner love that transcends outer ugliness is retold in a brand-new ballet version of *Beauty and the Beast*, choreographed by Bruce Wells to Debussy airs, that the Connecticut Ballet will present March 2, 3, and 4 at the American Shakespeare Theater, Stratford, Connecticut.

STEVEN CARAS

Steadfast Tin Soldier and friend— "Tears fall, or at least eyes brim."

Romantic echoes from the heyday of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo will be heard (and seen!) March 1 to 4 at the Music Hall in Boston when the Boston Ballet revives the perennial Léonide Massine favorite to music of Offenbach, *Gaîté Parisienne*.

Tears fall—or at least eyes brim—at the sad but touching tale of the boy who melts away for love in the fairy story, *The Steadfast Tin Soldier*. George Balanchine has made it into a miniature ballet for his New York City Ballet and you will be able to see it live at home, March 7 on your local PBS-TV channel, in a New York City Ballet telecast of *Choreography by Balanchine, Part 4*.

Young love, en masse, is the theme of David Lichine's long-popular *Graduation Ball* (to music of Johann Strauss), as a corps of freshly scrubbed military cadets attends a ball at an all-girl academy. Ballet West dances this April 13, 14, and 15 in the newly renovated Capitol Theater, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The love story of Marguerite and Armand is lovingly lauded once again, this time in a new ballet, *Camille*, by John Neumeier to music of Chopin for the Stuttgart Ballet, which will give the U.S. premiere May 15 at Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C., with New York performances at the Metropolitan Opera House June 12 to July 7.

You'll find *Swan Lake* in performance almost anywhere, but how about Ben Stevenson's staging of the classic for the Houston Ballet May 24 to June 30, Jones Hall, Houston?

Romance with Latin passion? The legendary Cuban ballerina Alicia Alonso will be dancing *Remembranza*, choreographed by Canada's Brian MacDonald, with the Ballet Nacional de Cuba in a session beginning June 12 through July 1 at Washington's Kennedy Center and New York's Metropolitan on July 10 to July 28.

—WALTER TERRY

Love Notes

One of the most glittering of operatic gifts is a silver rose, which will be offered three times this month (February 23, 25, 27, and March 2) in a Houston, Texas, production of Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. The bearer is Delia Wallis (Octavian) and the recipient is Barbara Hendricks (Sophie). Leading this cast conducted by Mario Bernardi is Elisabeth Söderstrom (Marschallin).

At New York's Metropolitan Opera House (March 2, 6, 10, 15), Leontyne Price will be seen and heard for the first time in that theater in *Ariadne auf Naxos*, as the forlorn Ariadne, pining for the Theseus who deserted her. Just in time for a happy curtain, Bacchus (René Kollo) appears and takes her to his godly heart. James Levine conducts a gilded cast that includes Tatiana Troyanos (Composer).

The mini-Strauss festival will also include a concert version of the seldom-heard *Die Aegyptische Helena* with Antal Dorati conducting the Detroit Symphony on April 25. Gwyneth Jones is the Egyptian Helen, with Lucia Popp as her daughter Hermione, whose gift of love is to reunite her mother with the husband-father Menelaus from whom she has been estranged. The ambitious project will also be heard in New York's Carnegie Hall on April 27, and in Washington's Kennedy Center on April 29.

LOUIS MÉLANÇON

Ariadne auf Naxos *at the Met— "Leontyne Price pining for Theseus."*

The same Kennedy Center will be reveling in *l'amour* two weeks later when it presents a celebration of "Paris: The Romantic Epoch." The Comédie Française will be performing Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* in the Eisenhower Theater, while the concert hall will resound to a festival of music by Hector Berlioz. The events will begin with the Orchestre de Paris of Daniel Barenboim in *Damnation of Faust*, to be followed on May 17 by Berlioz's scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*, with his *Requiem* on May 18.

—IRVING KOLODIN

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Lush Brush

At the turn of the century, Louis Eilshemius, a German-born artist who studied at the Art Students League in New York, was painting lush landscapes, filled with nymphs, sylphs, and divers nudes. In later years his romantic brush turned more impressionistic and visionary. An exhibition of his work, from February 3 to March 18, is at the Herbert F. Johnson Museum at Cornell University. (To satisfy a practical father, Eilshemius also studied agriculture at Cornell.) Included are drawings and watercolors as well as oils.

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Eilshemius's "Fairy Tale"—"filled with nymphs, sylphs, and divers nudes."

Hollywood's Heart

As Woody Allen put it in that modern-dress Tristan and Isolde, *Annie Hall*, sometimes love just isn't a strong enough word to cover what you feel. Then, leaning intently toward the bemused Diane Keaton, he whispered, "I lerve you."

Separating the love stories from the lerve stories in the movies—the little everyday dalliances from the fire and smoke of high passion—is no minor trick when Hollywood so often contrives to keep love simpler than those in the audience have experienced it.

This spring's bouquet of duets will include the great lerver himself, Woody Allen, in one of his typically mysterious, untitled films, which United Artists predicts will "probably have a love-story theme."

Having escaped two sets of formidable jaws, Roy Scheider takes on an ancient religious curse (not love, though that's in there too) in *The Last Embrace*, directed by Jonathan Demme.

Robert Altman, not your typical love-movie director, will bring out *A Perfect Couple*, a romantic comedy with the music business as a background. Scheduled to be released next month, the film will star Paul Dooley, Marta Heflin, Henry Gibson, and Heather MacRae.

As if it all isn't difficult enough, *Ice Castles*, starring Lynn-Holly Johnson and Robby Benson, pairs off a young figure skater striving for the Olympics with a young hockey player striving for a young figure skater, and so on. Colleen Dewhurst will also star as the owner of a rundown public skating rink in a film that may end up looking more than a bit like *Saturday Night Chilblains*.

Another difficult match-up will struggle to get together in *Voices*, a story of the romance between a deaf girl and a hard-working young singer, love being, as they say, blind. Michael Ontkean, Amy Irving, and Viveca Lindfors will star in this MGM film scheduled for release in late March. Will he care that she could care less about his music? Will she feel bad because she applauds before the song is ended? Will lerve conquer all?

—OWEN EDWARDS

Irving and Ontkean in Voices*—"love being, as they say, blind."*

Curtains and Kisses

At last it seems that romance not only won't be replaced by sex but is actually going to make a theatrical comeback in February and March. Mind you, the play that is bringing it back is a romance between septuagenarians. Still, it's a start. By Ernest Thompson, the play is *On Golden Pond*, and it was produced in New York last fall by a small, out-of-the-way theater. So many people wanted to feel again that old feeling that *On Golden Pond* is about to be produced on Broadway. It opens February 28.

A Broadway musical is actually called *They're Playing Our Song*. Since Neil Simon wrote it, that title is inevitably a joke—it refers to a couple of songwriters. But they are indeed lovers as well as collaborators and they come from different sexes.

Stephen Sondheim, the esteemed composer-lyricist and professional cynic, is not about to get involved with any such tripe. *His* romance is in the forthcoming *Sweeney Todd*, see Lookouts, *SR*, January 6, 1979.

And now for the lighter side of romance. Two of the musical theater's biggest shots, Burton Lane and Alan Jay Lerner are about to present *Carmelina*, a musical version of the movie *Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell*. Mrs. Campbell, it seems, is an Italian lady who is collecting child-support payments from three ex-GI's, each of whom believes he fathered her child. Oh, boy, when they find out. (April)

Sherman Yellen's *Strangers* (due March 4) about the rocky marriage of Sinclair Lewis—or "Red," as we all called him—and Dorothy Thompson will be this year's *real* romance, grown up and real tough. Fifteen-year-olds may not like to watch grown-ups kissing, but grown-ups don't mind, I'll bet on it, and anyhow, the theater isn't supposed to be for 15-year-old skeptics. Let the little buggers keep the hell out.

—MARTIN GOTTFRIED

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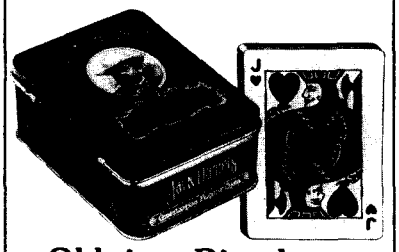

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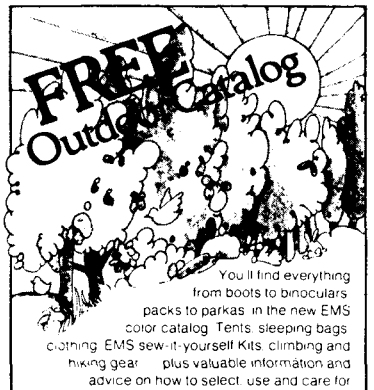

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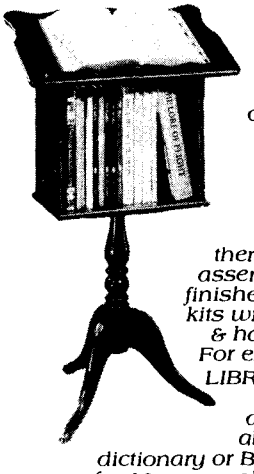

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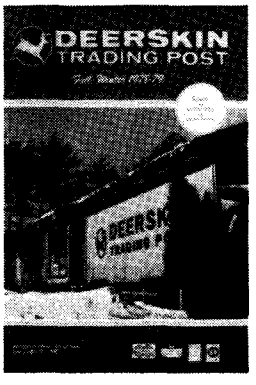

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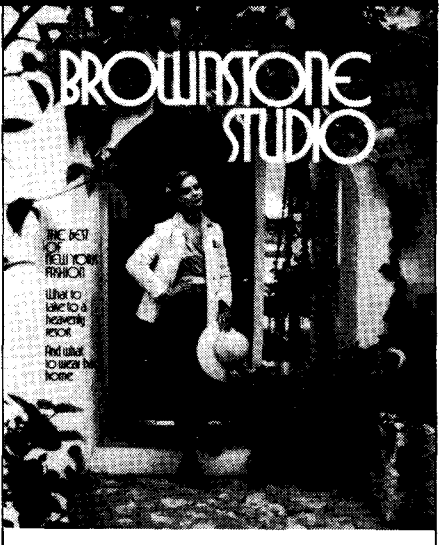

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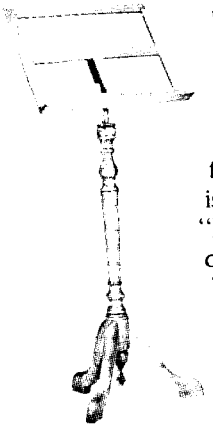

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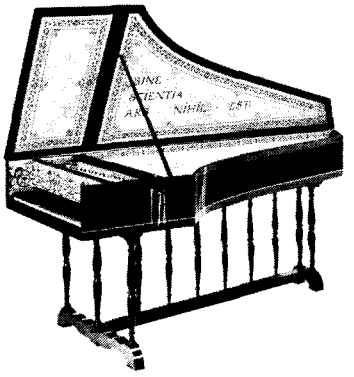

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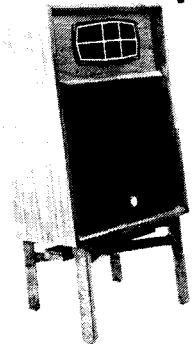

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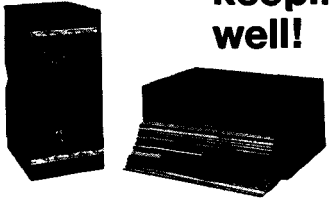

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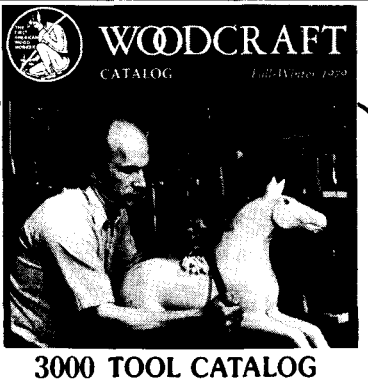

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The Beeb's Bard

by Roland Gelatt

Derek Jacobi as the king and John Gielgud as John of Gaunt in Richard II— *"That most operatic of Shakespeare's plays."*

OVER THE COURSE of four decades the BBC has produced 30 of Shakespeare's plays for television—several of them more than once—so it should come as no great surprise that the Beeb is now taking on the whole lot in one grand gesture. By BBC reckoning, the authentic Shakespeare canon comes to 37 plays, including *Henry VIII* but omitting *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. These new productions will be shown at the rate of six plays a year through 1984. In Britain the series got off to a start last December. Here it will be aired over the Public Broadcasting Service, beginning with *Julius Caesar* on February 14.

En route to the United States the enterprise has suffered the slings and arrows of detractors as diverse as George Meany and Joseph Papp, who object—for varying reasons—to the wholesale imposition of British actors on American television screens. Karl E. Meyer discussed their complaints in his column some months ago (*SR*, July 22, 1978). Now that the series is a *fait accompli*, the dispute over public television's alleged dependence on British initiative will doubtless flare up again. But rather than weighing the pros and cons of that delicate issue, it might be useful to examine just what the BBC is up to in its ambitious Shakespearean fling.

The idea came from Cedric Messina, a jowly, heavyset South African who has worked at the BBC for some 20 years. In 1975 he found himself directing a production of J.M. Barrie's *The Lit-*

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tle Minister at Glamis Castle in Scotland. "I went for a walk in the grounds," he recalls, "and it occurred to me that if ever there was a perfect location for *As You Like It*, this was it." His original intention was simply to do *As You Like It* as a one-shot for BBC's "Play of the Month." This idea soon ballooned into something much bigger: a proposal to televise all of Shakespeare's plays in one unified series. Alasdair Milne, then director of programs for BBC Television and now its managing director, gave it his full support and put Messina in charge of the project as producer.

It took the better part of two years to find the money and lay the foundations. Production finally got under way in January 1978, preceded by much discussion and debate over the choice of the first six plays. Presenting Shakespeare's works in chronological order was out of the question, as this would have meant opening with the relatively weak and little known *Henry VI, Parts 1, 2, and 3*."We are first and foremost in show business," Messina is quick to point out. "We have to capture and hold an audience—which means spreading out the peaks." There are four of them in the first season: *Romeo and Juliet*, *Julius Caesar*, *Richard II*, and *As You Like It*, all well-known and unproblematic plays. The other two are *Measure for Measure*, one of Shakespeare's difficult "dark" comedies, and *Henry VIII*, a late, rather episodic play in which John Fletcher probably had a hand. "Our aim," Messina says, "is to offer each year a balanced mixture drawn from the tragedies, comedies, and histories." This season there will be two of each.

Richard Easton, Angharad Rees, and Helen Mirren in As You Like It.

EARLY ON, it was decided that for television purposes the plays should run no longer than about two and a half hours. Beyond that, experience has shown, attention quickly flags. Some of Shakespeare's dramas fit within the limit; many others do not. The unenviable job of pruning the bard has gone to Alan Shallcross, who joined the BBC several years ago as script editor and producer after a stint as visiting professor of English at the City University of New York.

"These aren't potted versions," he insists. "The cuts we've made are always in the interest of clarity—to help us present the plays in television terms as effectively as possible. For example, in the last act of *Romeo* we've eliminated almost all of Friar Lawrence's long speech, where he rather tediously recounts events we've just been watching. And because the television camera can so easily move from place to place, we have rearranged certain parts of the

David Prowse as Charles lifting Brian Stirner as Orlando in As You Like It.

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final scene to speed the denouement. We try to tell the story as Shakespeare would have done if he were a television practitioner."

In *Richard II*, that most operatic of Shakespeare's plays, there are fewer cuts and no rearrangements. Indeed, more of the play is shown in the BBC version than is often seen on stage—notably the two scenes in Act V where the Duchess of York pleads for the life of her wayward son. The only substantial excisions are those involving such ancillary characters as Bushy, Bagot, and Fitzwater. Not one of King Richard's lines is cut.

ARCHAISMS AND contemporary allusions have generally been left intact. "Once an actor understands an allusion and why Shakespeare used it," says Alan Shallcross, "it's usually no longer an impediment. We find that when an actor comprehends the text, so will the audience. Of course there are exceptions—lines so totally obscure that no actor could make sense of them—and these we have been willing to let go." *As You Like It* furnishes a few examples. Touchstone's "Goddild you for your last company" is the kind of line that has ended up on the cutting-room floor.

Each of the first six plays fell to a different director. Among them are David Giles (*Richard II*), who won his spurs with *The Forsyte Saga*, and Basil Coleman (*As You Like It*), remembered for the television version of Benjamin Britten's opera *Billy Budd*. So far, Cedric Messina has been too occupied with administrative problems to direct a play himself, but he hopes to do one further along down the road. His relationship with the directors is one of velvet-pawed surveillance. The BBC traditionally gives its directors almost total autonomy, and Messina has been around long enough to know not to rock the boat. Obviously he makes certain that a director will see eye to eye with him on essentials before handing over authority.

There must be close agreement, for example, on the overall stylistic approach. Messina is opting for realistic sets and authentic period costumes. No Peter Brookian excursions or abstractions here. "We must always remember," he warns, "that many people in our audience will be coming to Shakespeare for the first time. They will expect to see togas in *Julius Caesar*." Tony Abbott, set designer for *Richard II*, expands on this theme further: "You can stylize Shakespeare right down to black drapes and lighting or you can make it ultrarealistic. We finally went for what might be described as stylized realism." In other words, the BBC—with one eye on audience ratings and the other on a lucrative educational market looming ahead—is staying right in the middle of the road.

Time will tell whether the casts deployed by the BBC are up to the challenges imposed by Shakespeare. On paper at least the talent is impressive. Some of the biggest names show up in relatively minor parts. John Gielgud speaks the Prologue to *Romeo* ("Two households, both alike in dignity,/In fair Verona, where we lay our scene...." and plays the brief but poetically resonant role of old Gaunt in *Richard II*. Celia Johnson, a veteran of 50 years on the London stage (though best known elsewhere for her touchingly muted performance in the film *Brief Encounter*), is the Nurse in *Romeo*; Claire Bloom is Queen Katherine in *Henry VIII*; and Wendy Hiller plays the Duchess of York in *Richard II*.

IF THESE ARE names that command instant recognition, there are many others of only slightly less celebrity. Michael Hordern, the unforgettable professor in the National Theatre production of Tom Stoppard's *Jumpers*, is equally unforgettable as a droll, rumpled Capulet in *Romeo*. Derek Jacobi, who plays the title role in *Richard II*, has been working in repertory for 20 years, most recently as a leading player in London's adventurous Prospect Theatre Company. American television viewers will recognize Jacobi (accent on the first syllable) for his portrayal of Claudius in *I, Claudius* and Lord Fawn in *The Pallisers*. Helen Mirren, a notable Lady Macbeth at Stratford and a mainstay of the Royal Shakespeare Company since 1970, is the Rosalind of *As You Like It*. Like Jacobi, she moves easily from stage to television studio, and indeed was performing Queen Margaret in *Henry VI, Parts 1, 2, and 3* at the RSC's Aldwych Theatre in London while rehearsing Rosalind at the BBC. Two further examples: Richard Pasco, a veteran of the Old Vic, Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Company, George Devine's English Stage Company, and the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, is the Jaques of *As You Like It*; Charles Gray, another Old Vic alumnus and another familiar face on television for his portrayal of Sir Edward Patridge in *Upstairs, Downstairs*, plays the Duke of

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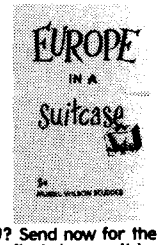

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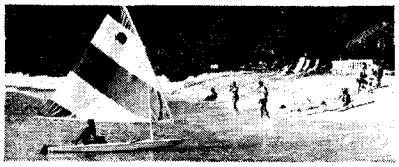

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York in *Richard II* and the title role in *Julius Caesar*.

"We are lucky," Messina comments, "to be able to ask people of that caliber to take on such parts. But of course minor characters can become much larger when the camera moves in on them. Close-ups enrich the action enormously." No less an authority than Sir John Gielgud seems to agree. Speaking of the scene between Northumberland, Ross, and Willoughby just after the death of Gaunt in *Richard II*, he observes: "On stage it seems very anticlimactic and apt to go for nothing. On television, by having just heads very close together, it can be played fast and with a very intimate feeling."

NEITHER ALBERT FINNEY nor Alan Howard, the reigning Shakespearean stars at the National Theatre and the RSC, appears so far on the BBC cast lists. A note of asperity creeps into Messina's voice when he is queried about this. "The BBC has no magic wand, you know. We can't dragoon a busy actor into the studio. It's important to understand that we're in the same marketplace for talent as the subsidized theaters and the film companies." A suggestion is put forward that perhaps the BBC is reserving actors like Finney and Howard for the juicy roles ahead—Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, et al. Messina refuses to be drawn out. "We're doing 37 plays, not 37 vehicles," he says. "Up to a point we can wait for someone to be available. We'll try for the best, but we do have a schedule to keep."

The producer is equally cagey about the possibility of employing American actors in the series, hedging his replies with tortuous double negatives. "We are not saying that we won't at some future time use some American actors. But there are union problems as well as the need to retain some consistency in voice enunciation and acting styles. I am not impertinent enough to suggest that English actors are any better or worse than Americans. But it is a different kettle of fish when you mix them in something like Shakespeare." Messina notes ruefully in passing that Stacy Keach was asked to play Antony for the RSC at Stratford but canceled out in order to fulfill a million-dollar film assignment. The implication is that leading American actors may be too rich for the relatively impecunious BBC.

At current reckoning, the series will cost $13.5 million, which works out to about $365,000 per play. This figure is by no means exorbitant. Film productions easily cost 10 times as much. "That's why we are in the market doing this high-quality drama," Messina explains. "We do it very cheaply—and, we like to think, very well." "The key to it," script editor Alan Shallcross interjects, "is in the immense productivity of our electronic studios. Without going into great detail, let me just say that we normally get 30 minutes of air time from each 12-hour studio production day. That's very, very high. These studios have the highest television productivity rate in the world."

Four of the first six Shakespeare productions were made in the BBC studios. *As You Like It* was taped on the grounds of Glamis Castle in Scotland, *Henry VIII* at Leeds Castle in Kent. Productions made on location are invariably more costly than those in the studio. *As You Like It* took a total of 18 days, while *Richard II* required only six. But despite the logistic problems and the vagaries of Britain's climate, Messina will continue to make one or more plays *in situ* each year.

Three U.S. corporations—Exxon, Morgan Guaranty, and Metropolitan Life—are each putting up $1.2 million to underwrite the Shakespeare series for American public television. This works out to about 25 percent of the total $13.5 million budget. Originally, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting planned to be one of the three American sponsors, but labor leaders like George Meany cried havoc over the prospect of U.S. tax dollars funding a British enterprise, and in the end Metropolitan Life took over the CPB's financial commitment.

NO ONE IS suggesting that 37 televised Shakespeare plays for $3.6 million is anything but a bargain—at least in terms of quantity. A qualitative judgment will have to wait until more of the series has been aired. And the BBC's traditional, middle-of-the-road approach certainly leaves room for a more adventurous and contemporary endeavor. Perhaps Joseph Papp is correct in his assertions that American actors and directors could do Shakespeare on television just as well or better. But until public television here can rely on regular funding commensurate with that enjoyed by the BBC, the contention seems rather pointless. At the moment, the BBC is the only television organization in the English-speaking world that could possibly undertake the Shakespeare plays complete. What they are achieving may not be the ultimate, but it's the best we're likely to get for quite some time. ◉

Roland Gelatt, who is currently residing in London, is a contributing editor of Saturday Review.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Berg's *Lulu* Revealed

by Irving Kolodin

THE MOST WELL-KNOWN fact about Alan Berg's *Lulu* is that for 40 years it has been performed in two acts, plus a fragment of the third act contained in the composer's sketches when he died in 1935.

But history will be rewritten a few days hence (February 24) in Paris, when Pierre Boulez will conduct *Lulu* in three complete acts for the first time. The pieces in the puzzle can already be fit together by scrutiny of a piano-vocal score of Act III that has been circulating for several months.

The long-standing assumption has been that the score was so seriously lacking in detail, especially orchestral, that it would be an injustice to perform its third act as Berg left it when he died of an infected bee sting at age 51. The custom evolved of performing the two complete acts, plus the final scene of Lulu's murder, which Berg had orchestrated for concert performance.

However, students of Berg, hot on the trail of *Lulu,* have contended in recent years that the deficiencies in the last act were not irreparable. As long ago as 1964, George Perle, America's foremost Berg student, concluded that the difficulties of creating a performing version of Act III of *Lulu* had been greatly overstated.

Why, then, the additional lag of 15 years between Perle's pronouncement and the first performance of the amended *Lulu?* That dubious honor belongs to the late Frau Berg (née Helene Nahowski) whom Berg married in 1911, and with whom he lived until his death. (But not in perfect fidelity, it is now known. In his last decade, Berg found another woman more stimulating. She has been identified in some sources as Hanna Fuchs-Robettin, sister of Franz Werfel and thus sister-in-law of Gustav Mahler's widow, Alma, who married Werfel in 1929.)

After Berg's death, Helene fell heir to his property. There are conflicting stories about her attitude toward the incomplete Act III of *Lulu*. At first, she hoped that it might be completed by Berg's mentor, Arnold Schoenberg, or by the third member of the Viennese triumvirate, Anton Webern. But it is also said that she reported conversations with her husband, in the hereafter, insisting that *Lulu* be given in its incomplete form.

Viennese publisher Universal Edition has assigned rights to the complete work strictly by priorities: Rolf Liebermann, who wanted to do it in Zurich in 1954, will see his wish fulfilled next week in Paris. And John Crosby, who presented the American premiere of the incomplete *Lulu* in 1964, will give the first American performance on July 28, with performances to follow on August 1, 9, and 17.

Why, some may ask, should so much interest be attached to a fragment—unperformed, to be sure—of a work that has already established a major claim to be considered a modern masterpiece?

Primarily because the composer of two such undying works as *Wozzeck* and the violin concerto should be known at his best, and to his fullest.

Lulu's finale resembles a palindrome: figures from Act I reappear in new guises.

More specifically, since Berg is known and esteemed as a composer who worked mightily to achieve unity in every work he created, anything omitted from a piece so consequential as *Lulu* leaves its conception incomplete.

To be sure, as has been said of another historic lady, Lulu was hardly Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. She was, as Frank Wedekind made her in *Erdgeist* ("Earth Spirit") and *Die Büchse der Pandora* ("Pandora's Box"), from which Berg evolved his libretto, a freewheeling, uninhibited young woman who made her way through the world by means of an irresistible attraction to men higher on the social scale than she.

Thanks to a piano score, questions of additions and deletions are now academic. It is all there, spread out, both accessible and assessable. The sometimes tawdry, but always absorbing, chronicle, which begins with her marriage as a provocative teenager to a doctor who dies of a heart attack when he finds her in bed with a painter hired to do her portrait, picks up at the end of Act II. Now she is in Paris, attended by Alwa, whose father she had killed in a fit of pique, and the lesbian Countess Geschwitz who had aided her escape from prison.

The scene is a high-class gambling joint, where games of chance may include a tumble with the hostess, Lulu. As the action develops, it is clear that two of the customers are of a mind to use Lulu's unfinished jail sentence for blackmail. As it happens, Lulu has had sexual encounters with both: Now it is her turn to pay. One threatens to sell her off to a brothel in Cairo if she doesn't meet his price; the other demands 20,000 francs for his silence.

Berg manages the musical development of the scene with the masterful ensemble writing for which he is famous. Outstanding is a duet between Lulu and the first of the two men, developed as a series of variations. When all her evasions are unavailing and the police are at the door, Lulu takes off for London. It is here, in the shabby attic where Alwa, the Countess, and the mysterious Schigolch (who has come and gone in the earlier action) have gathered to live off her earnings as a prostitute, that Lulu meets her end at the knife of Jack the Ripper.

That end, in which only the elderly, pitiable Schigolch is left alive, has been seen and heard previously in productions of the two-act-plus *Lulu*, but not in the context of Berg's musical treatment of the whole scene. It may be likened to a palindrome, beloved of the Viennese school, in which music could be contrived to go backward as well as forward.

The arch and balance of his dramatic structure are supported by a sequence of performers Berg has invoked to reappear in new guises. Lulu's first customer is a fussy professor, played by the doctor who had died of a heart attack in the first act; the second is a black man impersonated by the painter who had previously committed suicide; and the murderous Jack the Ripper is portrayed by Dr. Schön, whom she had already killed.

The hitherto unheard portion of *Lulu* settles, for me, the musical direction which Berg would have chosen had he not died prematurely.

Igor Stravinsky's observation regarding Berg's inherent "nostalgia" for tonality was intended to deprecate Berg's membership in the *avant garde*. But in the later pages of *Lulu*, as well as in the long-admired violin concerto, Berg certified himself as a leader in a different kind of *garde*: those composers whose dedication to a heartfelt purpose led them wherever the impulse dictated—dogmas or compositional theories to the contrary. ◉

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THE MOVIES

Deer Hunter, Man Slayer

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Robert De Niro as Michael, who is "isolate and stoic"—and, before Vietnam, "a killer."

UNIVERSAL PICTURES exhibited *The Deer Hunter* for a single week in December in order to qualify it for the movie honors of 1978. The New York Film Critics' Circle promptly obliged by voting it the best English-language film of the year. One can see why the critics yielded to the publicity blitzkrieg. Like *Days of Heaven*, *The Deer Hunter* is a self-appointed American epic. Its scale is large, its ambition vast. It seeks to invest a sweep of American experience with mythic significance. It is designed to overwhelm.

Its subject is the Vietnam War. Consciously or not, it approaches Vietnam in terms of ancient American themes. The very title recalls *The Deerslayer* of Cooper, and *Deerslayer* recalls D. H. Lawrence's famous comment: "You have there the myth of the essential white America. All the other stuff, the love, the democracy, the floundering into lust, is a sort of byplay. The essential American soul is hard, isolate, stoic, and a killer. It has never yet melted."

Deerslayer embodied the hunter myth that the white man's encounter with the wilderness had given peculiar force in America. This myth reached its literary culmination in the greatest hunt of all, in *Moby Dick*, and it has been utilized by Faulkner, Hemingway, and Mailer in our own time. Lawrence's account of the American as hunter is perhaps incomplete. For the American soul, at least in the national mythology, does melt. When John Filson wrote the first version of the Daniel Boone story in 1784, he described Boone's visit to a battlefield where his son and friends had been killed by Indians:

> [We] returned to bury the dead, and found their bodies strewed everywhere, cut and mangled in a dreadful manner. This mournful scene exhibited a horror almost unparalleled: Some torn by wild beasts; those in the river eaten by fishes; all in such putrified condition, that no one could be distinguished from another.

Boone and his comrades were somehow purged by this horror. As the historian Richard Slotkin puts it in *Regeneration Through Violence: The Mythology of the American Frontier, 1600-1860*, they emerged "better able to organize and control their own affairs, and emotionally awakened to the bonds of sympathy and sentiment that hold civilization together."

This was one form of redemption through destruction. But the hunter's most certain road to salvation, Slotkin suggests, came through his participation in the "ritual drama of the captivity myth." Captivity was "the hardest and most costly (and therefore the noblest) way of discovering the will of God in respect to one's soul, one's election or damnation." By rescuing people from captivity, "the hunter reaffiliates himself with the world of familial order which he had previously deserted."

"The seeds of many American tragedies," Slotkin concludes, "are planted in the captive-and-hunter myth, the myth of regeneration through violence." Recent history, he adds, indicates that imperialist adventures abroad supply favorite occasions for the invocation of the myth. "A new captivity, a new hunt, and a new ceremony of exorcism repeat the myth scenario"; but the reality under the gratifications of myth is a "pyramid of skulls."

The Deer Hunter begins with powerful

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pictures of blasting in the steel furnaces, here as in *Days of Heaven* the symbol of the insensate energies of industrial society; in *The Deer Hunter* the opening in the Pennsylvania steel mills also foreshadows the flamethrowers we later see in Vietnam. We gradually begin to sort out the protagonists. Three of the steelworkers are about to leave for Vietnam, and one of the three gets married (in an interminable sequence) on the eve of departure. The others, joined by friends, go out on a deer hunt. The leader, Michael, is indeed isolate, stoic, and a killer, priding himself on despatching the deer with a single shot. "It is the image of the hunter's self-restraint," Slotkin writes, "that is the most perplexing aspect of the myth." Self-control is Michael's most significant trait, as it was Deerslayer's.

Suddenly we are in Vietnam. The three comrades have been captured and tortured by the Viet Cong, who force them to play Russian roulette with one another. This scene is exceedingly rough, but the violence seems to me legitimate and not gratuitous. Michael manages to turn the Russian-roulette revolver on the captors, and the Americans escape. Soon two are back in the United States—Steven, the bridegroom, with both legs amputated; Michael, still isolate and stoic, but, when confronted by a deer, no longer a killer. The third, Nick, has gone AWOL. We learn after a time that he is in another form of captivity, enslaved by drugs and despair, playing Russian roulette in illegal gambling hells in Saigon.

Michael returns to Vietnam to rescue Nick. Saigon is falling, but in a highly improbable sequence Michael tracks down his friend, and they play the ultimate game of Russian roulette. The survivor brings the other's dead body home. The film ends with the mourners singing "God Bless America" as they gather for a meal after the funeral.

So a new captivity, a new hunt, and a new ceremony of exorcism repeat the myth scenario. Michael Cimino, the director and co-author of the story on which the screenplay was based, has, deliberately or inadvertently, adopted salient elements of the old mythology. I cannot say, however, that he has successfully fused them into an organic whole. There is too much confused symbolism—not only the hunter and captivity myths, but Russian roulette and the blast furnaces—and too little integration and characterization.

The pervading defect is in the writing. It is not enough to say that Pennsylvania steelworkers cannot be expected to talk like characters out of a novel by Henry James. Plenty of writers—Mark Twain, Joyce, Hemingway, Dreiser—have shown that the vernacular can be the vehicle for the most acute revelations of character. An earlier Vietnam film this year, the unpretentious and laconic *Go Tell the Spartans*, was filled with sharp and credible dialogue.

Christopher Walken, Robert De Niro, and Chuck Aspegren—Steelworkers, comrades, hunters.

The language in *The Deer Hunter* is boring and banal. As in that other epic, *Days of Heaven*, the characters are badly undernourished. The players do what they can. But the excellent Robert De Niro can find little in the part of Michael beyond stoicism and self-restraint. "My footsteps have often been marked with blood," John Filson has Daniel Boone say. "... Two darling sons, and a brother, have I lost by savage hands." Cimino's deer hunter remains unrevealed to the end. Christopher Walken as Nick and John Savage as Steven are adequate in one-dimensional roles. Meryl Streep is strong in another vague role.

Where Cimino succeeds brilliantly is in his panorama of war—refugees along the jungle road, *Walpurgisnacht* on the Saigon strip, panic and hysteria in the last days of Saigon. These scenes fulfill the film's epic pretensions. But in the end an epic should leave a sense of purpose, not of confusion—"one entire and perfect action," as Aristotle said, "which has beginning, middle, and end; so that, forming like an animal a complete whole, it may afford its appropriate pleasure." *The Deer Hunter*, for all its merits, substitutes portentousness (the choral singing behind the deer hunt) for pattern, noise for observation, obscurantism for dramatic coherence. A failure, yet an exciting failure. ◉

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THEATER

Michael Bennett's Mule

by Martin Gottfried

ONCE, THE STARS of our musical theater were its performers and songwriters. Merman and Lahr, Porter and Gershwin. Today, the Broadway musical's stars are its directors. Others contribute but the directors are the show-makers. Jerome Robbins, Bob Fosse, Harold Prince, Gower Champion.

None has been a bigger star these past few years than Michael Bennett. *A Chorus Line* made him the musical theater's boy wonder, for the show was not only an artistic success but a fabulous popular and commercial success. Practically everyone loved *A Chorus Line*, for though modern, it captured the traditional excitement and glitter of the genre. Small wonder, then, that Bennett's next show—*Ballroom*—was expected to be *the* hit of the current Broadway season.

The show is based on a television play, *Queen of the Stardust Ballroom*, about a woman's refusal to accept her family's definition of widowhood as a state of half-death. That script was written by Jerome Kass, a talented playwright, and reflected his many gifts.

What it didn't need were songs, which the television production added because much of the story was set in a dance hall (like New York's Roseland). The reasoning apparently was that dancing called for musical numbers.

Since the story dominated the television version, the songs seemed extraneous and damaging to the dramatic mood. Now, with the dancing dominant in the stage version, Kass's story seems superfluous. Moreover, his naturalistic writing seems embarrassingly old-fashioned in the context of a Broadway musical. One is reminded of the schizophrenic *Cabaret*, which made modern use of musical numbers and choreography, but handled the story conventionally.

Cabaret had an excuse. It was produced 12 years ago, when new approaches to writing musical scripts were still being explored. But *Ballroom* should be reaping the benefits of the progress made by such shows as *Company* and *Pacific Overtures*, not to mention Bennett's own *A Chorus Line*.

Instead, much of *Ballroom* looks like 1966 all over again, with realistic settings of living rooms and shops—the trappings of the orthodox musical.

When, however, Bennett moves the show into the ballroom (where, between dance numbers, the widow is courted by a mailman), his musical becomes magical. Bennett has been taken with giant mirrors ever since he saw *Cabaret*'s. *Follies* used mirror effects. *A Chorus Line* used high panels of mirrors. The *Ballroom* dance hall is verily a hall of mirrors set at angles that send the performers into a maze of ghostly reflections.

Bennett uses his ballroom setting to indulge in a choreography of social dancing—the fox trot, the lindy hop, the tango and samba and cha cha cha. The dances are handsome but choreographically they can't escape built-in limitations. For one thing, social dancing is not theater dancing. In social dancing, various couples do whatever steps they please. To achieve the excitement of theater dancing, movement in unison is usually necessary. Bennett more often than not opted against unison. So, while much of his choreographed social dancing is ghostly beautiful, and gorgeously lighted by Tharon Musser, it is curiously unexciting. Too, Robin Wagner's curving set follows the circular sweep of the ballroom floor. But the curved dance space forces the dancers to continually move in circles. What is handsome becomes monotonous.

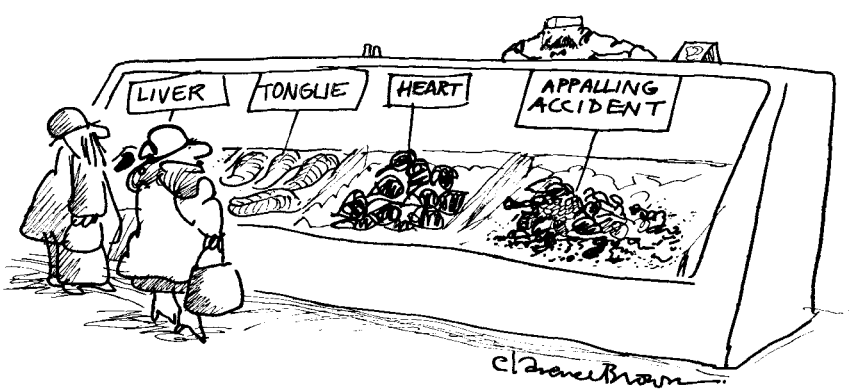
Nonetheless, *Ballroom* manages to be one of the most beautiful and sizable and skillfully made musicals in recent years—a full-size Broadway show in a time when too many musicals look skimpy and amateurish. Yet it also is alternately satisfying and unsatisfying, and ends inconclusively. The trouble is simply a weak book, weak music, and weak lyrics.

Billy Goldenberg is an experienced dance-music arranger and a composer of movie background music. The music he arranged and composed for *Ballroom*—his first show as a songwriter—is knowing, and the dance arrangements are especially good. Rare indeed is the Broadway composer who writes his own dance music. Unfortunately, Goldenberg's musical schooling didn't include classes in melody, or in theatricality, which cannot be learned. Having no instinct for them, he wrote musicianly but not *musical* songs.

The lyrics didn't help. Alan and Marilyn Bergman, who were retained from the staff of the original teleplay, are a pair of Hollywood writers who have mastered plastic lyrics ("The Windmills of Your Mind," "The Way We Were").

Why would Bennett, of all people, have reverted to such an old-fashioned "book" musical? He had worked on so many innovative ones. Like anyone foolish enough to try and mix trends—in this case, modern musical theater with a sentimental, narrative story—he came up with a stage mule, not only a hybrid but a sterile one.

Then again we must remember the strengths of his show. It has excellent star performances by Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. In today's Broadway musical theater, anything that isn't perfect is, perforce, terrible. Success or failure are considered the only alternatives. Certainly, the $2 million price tag on *Ballroom* contributes to such thinking. Though the show is tentative, there are musical sequences in it of simply stunning size and accomplishment, and the most beautiful stage images. Michael Bennett is the same tremendous talent he was when he made *A Chorus Line*. *Ballroom* does not diminish that. In fact, the show substantiates it. ◉



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Falling Star

VICTOR JUHASZ

Incandescence
by Craig Nova
Harper & Row, 256 pp., $10

Reviewed by Tim O'Brien

STARGELL, THE 29-year-old narrator of Craig Nova's *Incandescence*, is a man of intelligence. Perhaps even genius. He once worked as an inventor at one of those high-powered think tanks but was fired after spending half a million dollars on a project to extract oil from the wing joints of moths. "I tried to explain," Stargell says, "that under ideal conditions, every six months we could have a mountain of moths, millions of barrels of oil."

So when the story opens, we find Stargell a down-and-out taxi hack in New York. He's broke. He's on the skids. He lives—survives—in a dingy three-room apartment. For three years he has been married to a beer-guzzling Greek woman named Enid, who, like Stargell, is on the frontiers of outright madness. When Enid is not drinking beer, she is watching movies on television or cleaning the apartment with Q-tips, or, most likely, sleeping the days away. A long, dizzying fall from the think-tank heights. And, in the course of this novel, a sad predicament gets even sadder. Partly in horror, partly in puzzlement, we watch as Stargell makes some zany but essentially halfhearted efforts to pull himself out of this mess. Alas, he only manages to descend deeper into darkness.

What are we to make of this inventor, one who seemingly can't invent solutions to the most ordinary of human problems?

We look for clues. On the second page of *Incandescence*, a single sentence stands alone amid two inches of white space: "My name is Stargell." We never learn his first name. Clearly, then, the name Stargell must be important. Why else would the author maroon that sentence as he does, inviting the reader to ponder meanings? Why, as if to buttress the point, would the author call the company for which Stargell works the Star Garage? Stargell: star, light, brilliance, Day-Glo, incandescence. The associations are plentiful, and Nova uses all of them. Indeed, either by coincidence or design, this star business inevitably leads us to the word "nova" and from there to the author's own surname, Nova. Question is, how does all this hook up with the story? It isn't enough, after all, to display constellations of associated images and metaphors. The function of imagery and metaphor is to expand and, so to speak, illumine the dramatic events of a story, heightening but not imposing meaning on those events. The feeling, after reading this novel, is that the plot—the tracing of a falling star—hasn't the strength to support the heavy imagery, or the even heavier metaphor. In the end, the general outweighs the particular.

There is, however, much to admire in this, Nova's third novel. The writing is brisk and often funny. Stargell's hip cynicism, though grating after a time, produces some very witty lines. And why not? His, after all, is an incandescent wit. Studded throughout the book, in counterpoint to the comic aspects, there are several entirely uncomic and even tragic scenes that convey the terrors that can befall a man who can neither understand nor escape his own disintegration.

The plot of *Incandescence* is difficult to summarize. Events are linked by the flimsiest and most coincidental of circumstances; characters pop in for brief appearances and then disappear entirely. Incandescence: the quick, bright flicker of people and places. Incandescence: the random burning of flames, or stars, in the black world of urban New York City.

The first phase of Stargell's descent occurs when he is held up at gunpoint while driving his cab. He returns to the Star Garage, arriving just in time to witness the bloody death of a fellow driver who had been robbed and shot. Stargell quits on the spot. "Well, well," he muses, "unemployed again." To complicate matters, Enid's father, a gun-toting retired Greek army officer, arrives for a prolonged visit, forcing Stargell to borrow a thousand dollars from a local

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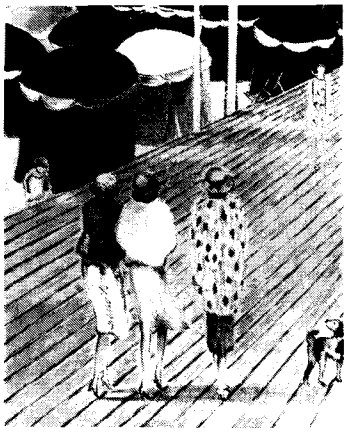

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loan shark. The plot, such as it is, hinges on Stargell's efforts to repay the money before a strong-arm collector (who happens to reside in Stargell's own apartment building) comes to break his bones. Penniless, Stargell auditions for a job as a gorilla at an amusement park. The scene has funny moments and a semitragic outcome, but it runs much too long and makes us wonder what the point is. Black humor for its own sake can become boring. No matter: Stargell doesn't get the job. In desperation, he decides to pull off a scam—leasing an expensive East Side apartment under an assumed name, then subleasing the apartment to 10 different people, collecting the deposits, and running. The con works. Stargell pays off the loan shark. But rather than use his success as a springboard to regeneration, he sinks even deeper into the urban jungle around him. He leaves his zany wife, takes up quarters in a seedy hotel, and embarks on various skid-row adventures with a series of zany *and* seedy characters—an old man who lives in and worships his car, a blind man, a woman named Boileryard, a weird mortician. The characters begin to seem like links on a chain, identical in their tough-guy fatalism, their world-weary lingo, their antic behavior. This sense of repetition also infects the events of the novel, which become variations on the same slapstick joke.

One interpretation for all this might be that Craig Nova wanted to take us on a tour through the concentric circles of hell, New York-style. But concentric circles imply a tightening of the screw, an increasing of tension, a multiplication of horror. In *Incandescence* each ring seems identical to the last. There is in the book no sense of change.

Beyond this, though, Stargell's peculiar ambivalence to his plight is never resolved. He accepts, with a few cynical asides, the terrible things that happen to him, and we never find out why. Why, in fact, doesn't he bite the bullet and find himself a decent job and start cleaning up his act? Despite all the "falling star" stuff, human beings are *not* stars. Human beings—Stargell especially—have brains, and human beings have the potential for reform and understanding and adaptation. The reader can't help wondering why Stargell doesn't start exercising some willpower. We want to know more about what makes Stargell behave as he does. We want, and never really get, psychological insight. What we get instead is a metaphor, and it isn't sufficient. ◉

Tim O'Brien is the author of Going After Cacciato.

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Prankster Poet

Prose Pieces
by Witter Bynner
Edited by James Kraft
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 432 pp., $25

Reviewed by John Fludas

RECENTLY A famous black poet, heartsick at the degrading commercialism of what he terms the Garbage School of Black Poetry, scribbled a few parodies in a mood of malicious fun, and showed them to a friend, a noted publisher. To his amusement and dismay, the publisher read them with cold sobriety and asked for more—enough to fill a volume.

If Witter Bynner were alive today, he would have encouraged the friends to conspire in a literary hoax. Not only did he value black artists since his undergraduate years at Harvard at the turn of the century, but he and another poet, Arthur Ficke, pulled off one of the few great literary pranks this country has ever known.

Hiding behind the names of Anne Knish and Emanuel Morgan, the poets founded, in 1916, the Spectric School of Poetry to lampoon the "more bizarre" antics of the Imagists and Vorticists. *Spectra*, their collection of mock modernist poetry, was well reviewed and imitated in very serious circles for two years before Bynner exposed his joke at a public lecture.

Loving humor, and knowing that the partitions that divide good parody from honest art may be thin indeed, Bynner wrote in 1928:

> Many a discerning critic of poetry is convinced to this day that, liberated by our pseudonyms and by complete freedom of manner, Ficke and I wrote better as Knish and Morgan than we have written in our own persons. Once in a while we think so ourselves.

Spectra was reprinted complete last year in *Light Verse and Satires*, the second volume in the series *The Works of Witter Bynner*. Published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux under the careful supervision of James Kraft, the set celebrates the rediscovery of a badly neglected poet, translator, and man of all letters. *Prose Pieces*, the fourth of the five volumes, holds the delightful *Spectra* manifesto and a miscellany of reviews, memoirs, travel pieces, essays—labels that fail to convey the easy-chair comfort of the lightsome, suave, and funny prose world of Witter Bynner.

In the past few years, *The Tale of Genji*, the 11th-century masterwork of Lady Murasaki Shikibu, has enjoyed a flurry of interest. But nothing has appeared in English to equal Bynner's perceptive appreciation, which is more a free-flowing prose poem than a critique, of Arthur Waley's translation of the book in the mid-Twenties. Bynner's is a highly personal response, but unlike most of the other pieces here, there is nothing directly autobiographical about it.

Witter Bynner, drawn by Kahlil Gibran (1919)

What explains his affinity for the exquisite and remote Japanese novelist and her prince Genji, the "Shining One" of surpassing beauty, whose epic life moves vividly from the courtly amours of his youth to the mellow wisdom of maturity? Bynner's sympathies were not for the aristocrat, but for the impoverished Indian, the Mexican peasant, the earth-soiled Chinese ricksha-boy. Yet the deep kinship he feels for Lady Murasaki is not approached even in his reverential essay on George Meredith, the "supreme being" of his youth. (Traces of devotion to his other literary heroes, A.E. Housman and Walt Whitman, may be heard in the poems and translations in the companion volumes.) It is a heroine who now evokes a controlled but intense poetic response.

His identification with the Oriental woman of a thousand years ago is partly explained by his feminism. It is partly explained by the scintillating and muted poetry, written and spoken, that her courtly characters exchange as part of the imperial codes that govern their daily lives. Bynner is perhaps best known for his equally delicate translations of the ancient Chinese poems of the T'ang dynasty, which he titled *The Jade Mountain*. The close bond that unites author and critic may lie in the fact that, during the time when the masculine mask of Hemingway dominated American letters, here was a man unafraid of giving in to the feminine side of his nature: "As to the divinely creative hand that formed [Genji] from her own Japanese rib, she was sheerly a genius." The bond may lie in the fact that Bynner was gay, for he must have been aware of his erotic response to Genji through the pale beauty of the Japanese prose-poetry that gives him the breath of life.

In an essay on the individualism of the Chinese and its survival through the ages, Bynner quotes a Chinese scholar who "said that his race has developed the head of a man without losing the heart of a child." Child and childlike—how often these words gleam in these pages, poetically if not literally. Like all poets' words, their colorations are dimmed when removed from their settings. They imply creativity and imagination, comedy and unchecked laughter, innocence and vitality, the essentially human rather than the mechanical, the decorative, the masked.

Bynner loves the childlike in art as in life, in the Greek dramatists, the Negro spiritual, the Hopi and Pueblo dances, in Mexicans who "smile and live and fight at happy intervals and ... loaf magnificently when the earth commands." And in the fine art of Chinese calligraphy on cherished scrolls handled by graceful hands.

He criticizes a book on Chinese theater for describing "the brocaded surface of it" instead of its "sense of inner vitality," and a new collection of Edna St. Vincent Millay's poems because "the intellectual is here interfering with the emotional." On Willa Cather's problems in middle age, he writes that "her childlike smile was set, as by a jeweler, in an elderly, too authoritative face and that the elder would never let it go into a laugh," and that she was unable to "maintain her childlike response to openness of countryside and people." Of Vachel Lindsay, he says, "I would to God there were more modern poets who could bring a childlike faith and fervor to their song."

One last quote illustrates his gift for writing brief dramatic scenes to point a moral, his love of humor, his admiration for Oriental dignity and his cringing distaste for Western arrogance:

> ...in the fine old temple where I in my time was to live awhile, and which had been the American Legation, with its pillared nave used as reception room, our Minister's wife, not liking the ancient red lacquer on columns and walls, had imported Western wallpaper to supplant it with a cover of violets. ◉

John Fludas is a freelance writer and critic in New York City.

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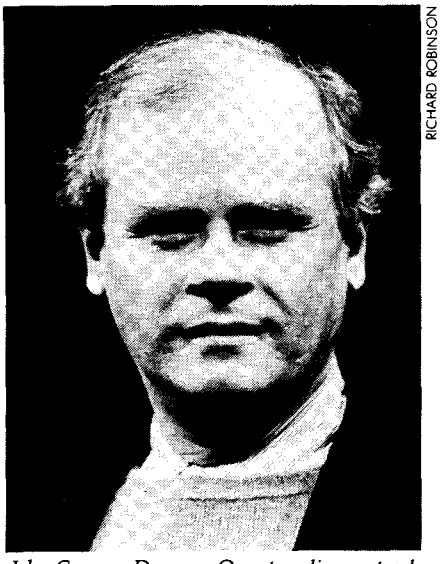
Books in Brief

Quintana & Friends
by John Gregory Dunne
Dutton, 262 pp., $9.95

WHAT DOES IT take to make that ephemeral commodity, the brief magazine essay, wary and bony enough to stand the test of hard-cover compilation? Apparently it takes more than an observant eye, a wry knowingness, and an eagerness to please—because John Gregory Dunne has all these, and yet this limp gathering of 33 pieces from 15 years of glossy journalism will probably prove quite a let-down for admirers of Dunne's fiction (*True Confessions*) and nonfiction (*Vegas*, *The Studio*).

Even "Quintana"—with the built-in grabber of Dunne writing frankly and vulnerably about his adopted daughter—seems strangely spineless; especially when soon followed by "Friends," in which Dunne presents gritty excerpts from Josh Greenfeld's *A Place for Noah* while musing on the limits of his friendship with this father of a brain-damaged child. But, however forceless, at least these two title essays suggest a genuine need to say something, unlike the journeyman diversions that fill out the book: on being a baseball fan, breaking an elbow, buying the *New Yorker* (in a mild parody of that magazine's "casual" genre), communing with a variety of losers, loners, and con artists.


RICHARD ROBINSON
John Gregory Dunne—On a too-slippery track

And more actively unsatisfying are Dunne's twiddling vignettes ("I stay away from the 'big story' ") skimmed off the social and political maelstroms of the Sixties; in this much-trampled territory, the lack of an illuminating viewpoint or a commanding style is more than just marshmallowy—it's downright annoying.

Only in the land of "Tinsel," where Hollywood fuses celluloid from glitter and crap and sweat, does Dunne find a transparent landscape where shrewd observation will more than suffice, where a shaping sensibility would be *de trop*. Except when he's running on bile (as in a vicious insider dissection of Pauline Kael), Dunne runs a good race out there in L.A.; it's the track that's slippery. And these pieces that slid so nicely into such magazines as *Esquire* and the *Saturday Evening Post* slide right by without once stopping to dig in and hold their ground. —JOSH RUBINS

The Execution
by Robert Mayer
Viking Press, 235 pp., $8.95

IN ROBERT MAYER'S novel, Walter "Schoolboy" Briggs is a graceful black basketball star lured from the Bronx to play for a college in Las Vegas. A

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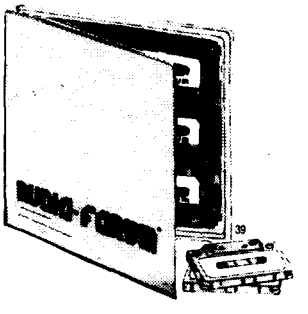

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knee injury ends his career early and Briggs heads back east, into a cloud of circumstances and a wrongful conviction for murder.

Written in the voices of major and minor characters, *The Execution* argues that Briggs is a victim of a sentence that fits no crime. To the author, mere threats of lawful death by noose or gun stress the weakness of a measure that has neither retributive value nor the weight to rebalance false proof of guilt.

The force of the novel is built from its faults. Robert Mayer squeezes a simple conclusion from a complex question and manipulates characters and coincidence to command sympathy for Briggs's tragedy. Too blunt for parable, *The Execution* puts aside aims of literature for those of public policy. Its message is shrill, if sound, and it rings hollow in the chamber of fiction.

—LINCOLN CAPLAN

Recapitulation
by Wallace Stegner
Doubleday, 288 pp., $8.95

Wallace Stegner—Emotionless remembering

WHAT IS AN EVENT? What constitutes an experience? Are we what we do, or do we do what we are?" Readers impressed by such ruminations in a fictional narrative will find much to admire in *Recapitulation*, Wallace Stegner's new novel about a man who remembers his past when he returns to his hometown Salt Lake City after a 40-year absence. This richly textured work, by a seasoned writer who has won both the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award, is dense with metaphysical speculation and cultural history.

The book is also persistently unmoving, even though it asks us to be moved again and again by its hero's "feelings of nostalgia and loss and rueful wonder." It is difficult to be touched by a character who is labeled "the quintessentially deculturated American" or stirred by his memory of a "quintessentially red-lodge Mormon" wedding that is "like a Renoir picnic or a Seurat promenade *sur l'herbe.*" Stegner's images seem taken less from life than from a graduate seminar. The hero's street is "Anystreet, Anywhere" and has "the familiarity of hallucination"; his memory is triggered by "some interlocutor in some anteroom of sleep," which he needs "for antiphonal purposes."

Even the best scenes—a superbly controlled dream sequence, an excruciating description of sexual humiliation, a dramatic strip-poker game—are compromised by wordiness. During the strip-poker game, the hero feels toward his girlfriend a "protective, fatherly-brotherly-husbandly concern." *Recapitulation* is an intelligent novel, as expected, but it is also coldly academic and self-consciously virtuosic. It recapitulates not feelings but words.

—JACK SULLIVAN

Wit Twister No. 136
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

He _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
her each time they disagree.
She _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
with the tongue's artillery.
But don't _ _ _ _ _
_ _ _ the games such
couples play.
As signs of hate. They just relate
that way! A.S.

Answers next issue

Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 124

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TRADE WINDS

Glamour Boy

by Walter Arnold

IN THE GLASS HOUSE world of commercial publishing, where in his own words publishers often "want a starring role in a play opening tonight at 8," Peter Mayer is something of a superstar. Or at least the most glamorous figure in his field today. He is also one of the most astute, dynamic, and imaginative of personalities in an increasingly homogenized publishing population. Former editor-in-chief and publisher of Avon Books, former president and publisher of Pocket Books, he was recently, at 42, appointed chief executive officer of Penguin International in London, which comprises five major publishing operations worldwide, including Viking-Penguin here.

Peter Mayer was born in London, an only child of German-refugee parents. Shortly thereafter the family emigrated to Kew Gardens, New York, and so Mayer's personal style is thoroughly American. After graduating summa cum laude from Columbia College, Mayer studied politics, philosophy, and economics at Oxford, comparative literature at Indiana University, and German literature at the Free University of Berlin. Michael Meller of the German publisher Mohn-Bertelsmann calls him "the most internationally literate and literary publisher in America."

In 1963 Mayer was named education editor at Avon, a mass-market paperback imprint. Within a year he was made editor-in-chief, and within two years, publisher. In less than 10 years his obsessive energy and imaginative drive, together with the talents of the excellent staff he put together, brought Avon from a position as a marginal imprint to a house whose name began to appear very near the top of the national business charts. A former staff member of his remembers the time as "tremendously exciting and invigorating.... He got more out of us than we thought we had in us." Of course some other colleagues take a different view; Mayer has been criticized for being constitutionally incapable of delegating authority and for having problems with personnel.

Mayer was among the first publishers to strongly back original fiction in paperback, both such commercial works as Kathleen Woodiwiss's fiery fantasies and such experimental literary novels as William Kotzwinkle's. "Best-sellers require just the right mix of editorial ideas, energy, packaging, creativity, and

HELEN MARCUS

Peter Mayer—Something of a superstar

money," he once commented. He thus instigated at Avon all kinds of promotional ballyhoo, including flashy cover designs, trade teasers, advertising blitzes, bookstore fireworks, and saturation marketing. In fact, Mayer admitted, "A suntan reflector I devised in 1968 as a promotional piece to hype a book at one of the American Booksellers Association conventions shows signs each summer of outliving the book it was promoting." For better or worse, he also made the first million-dollar record guarantees for reprint rights in literary properties such as *I'm OK—You're OK* and *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*.

A considerable achievement of Mayer's was to take paperbacks—which were overwhelmingly reprints of current books— "off the end of the publishing sequence." He did whatever he could to acquire the paperback rights to the earlier books by first-rate authors whose current works he wanted or had on his list. Thus he offered to the public uniform editions of the writings of such authors as Saul Bellow, Thornton Wilder, Elie Wiesel, Heinrich Böll, Joan Didion, Dorothy Sayers.

At present Mayer is in a position to make Penguin International the most powerful paperback publisher in the world. "One of the most exciting things about Penguin," he said recently, "is that if they have world rights to a book they take on, they can originate separate publishing campaigns in each of the countries in which they have operations simultaneously." Mayer plans to follow the established policy of editorial autonomy in the separate divisions. Of course he will coordinate and direct through the parent company, Penguin International (which itself is part of a vast holding company, S. Pearson & Sons in London, in turn owned by Viscount Cawdry, a press baron).

Ironically, whereas Mayer concentrated on Avon's backlist, at Penguin he will have to pay special attention to current works of broad appeal. Penguin has been mainly associated with modern classics and ancient works; original reference books; and Puffin children's books. As Mayer remarked, "Penguin has lost its powerful position in sales of new fiction, and fiction is still very largely the mainstay of a successful general publishing operation." He also spoke of " reordering editorial priorities to include more accessible works," but "adding something now missing from Penguin, not reducing what it already does well and distinguishedly." Accordingly, one of his first actions at Penguin was to secure English rights for M.M. Kaye's best-selling *The Far Pavilions*, take out unprecedented full-page ads for the book in English papers, and plan a heavily illustrated nonfiction companion book covering the same period of Indian history.

One of Mayer's main objectives is to get more Penguin books "into the racks" of more book outlets. Thus Penguin will have to acquire more of what are called "leaders," sure-fire sellers like *Centennial* or *The People's Almanac*—or *The Far Pavilions*—that will lead booksellers to order more Penguin titles. From a critical point of view, of course, the trouble with mass-market publishing is that so few current books of quality have mass appeal, and Penguin has made its name on books of excellence.

In his recent Bowker Lecture on publishing Mayer emphasized that he is dedicated to the idea of books as works of the spirit and not just products for cost accounting. Those who are drawn to the spectacle of tightrope walking can look forward to more of Peter Mayer's inventive and exciting balancing acts. ◉

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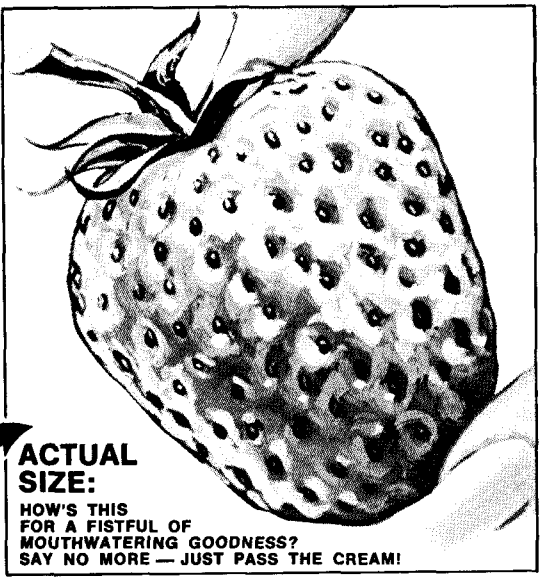

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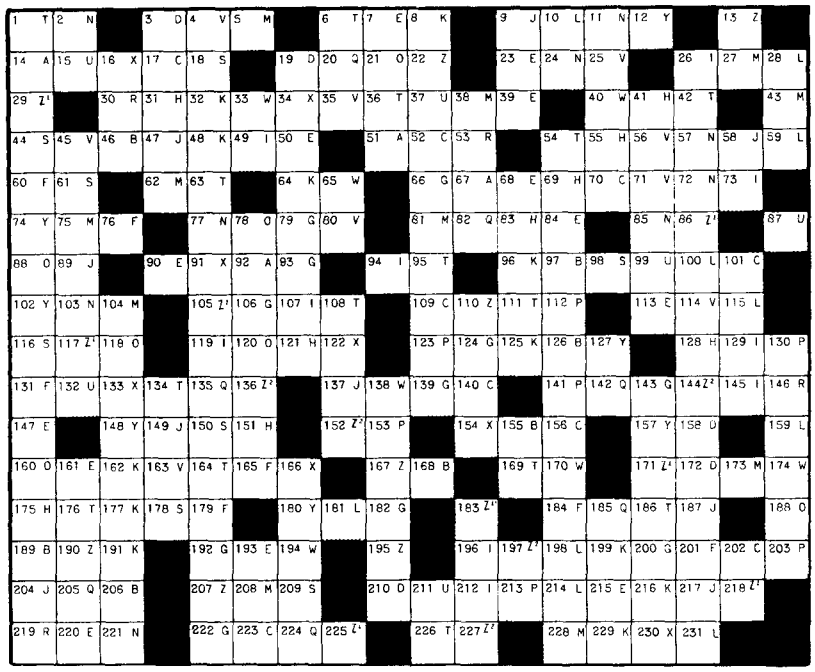
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 165

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double Crostic 164*** appears on page 5.



CLUES

A. First king of Israel (I Sam. 9) — 14 51 67 92

B. Declaiming — 97 126 155 168 189 206 46

C. Cigar-chewing, sour-voiced actor in Hollywood films (1883–1957; *Magic Town;* full name) — 52 70 101 140 202 223 17 109 156

D. *Full of current information* — 158 172 19 210 3

E. Shrub of Japan having hairy clusters of white, *fragrant flowers (2 wds.)* — 23 39 68 161 193 215 7 90 113 / 147 220 50 84

F. Soft and limp — 131 179 60 165 184 201 76

G. American comedian (1892–1957; full name) — 79 93 106 124 139 200 222 66 143 / 182 192

H. Wife of Socrates — 31 121 151 175 41 69 128 55 83

I. Bugseed or Russian thistle, perhaps — 119 145 212 94 107 129 26 49 73 / 196

J. "She let the legions thunder past, / And plunged ____ again" (2 wds.; Arnold, "Obermann Once More") — 204 217 9 47 58 89 137 149 187

K. Slapstick shtick (4 wds.) — 32 162 191 216 8 48 96 125 177 / 64 199 229

L. American pianist-composer-author-comedian (full name) — 198 214 10 59 100 159 231 28 115 / 181

M. Wavelike motion — 228 43 5 38 81 104 173 208 27 / 62 75

N. Blue, risqué (comp., British sp.) — 85 2 77 72 103 11 24 221 57

O. About, more or less — 78 88 160 188 120 21 118

P. Small speaker — 141 112 123 153 203 213 130

Q. Bum's rush (comp.) — 82 135 185 224 20 142 205

R. Anxious, nervously irritable — 30 53 146 219

S. Mental uneasiness from suspicion — 116 150 44 61 98 178 209 18

T. 1930 Kaufman and Hart play (4 wds.) — 111 164 6 36 169 186 54 108 176 / 63 42 226 1 134 95

U. Device used to maintain meteorological instruments at a fixed height — 99 87 15 132 211 37

V. Instrument similar to the baritone tuba — 163 45 56 114 4 71 35 25 80

W. Not substantial, slight, flimsy — 40 33 65 174 138 194 170

X. 1843 philosophical work by Kierkegaard (2 wds.) — 230 91 122 154 166 133 16 34

Y. Save (2 wds.) — 12 74 102 157 148 180 127

Z. Daughter of Latinus; *second wife of Aeneas* — 22 13 190 167 110 207 195

Z¹. Jostling — 225 29 171 117 105 183 86 218

Z². Daughter of Chrysothemis and Staphylus who was seduced by Apollo — 136 152 144 197 227

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THE BACK DOOR

A Monster's Bill of Rights

LONG AFTER THE stacks of aluminum caskets, like so many cartons, have been delivered and disposed of, the image of the Jonestown self-slaughter quivers in the mind. What is one to make of it? Surely the worst response is simply to forget or to dismiss the whole episode as a pointless aberration. For the hundreds of dead were sadly ordinary Americans, men and women to whom a smooth-talking maniac sold a bill of goods, a way of life that would afford them contentment and freedom from the confusion of the real world.

Jones, like thousands of other cult leaders who have attracted followers since the day man discovered his mortality, purported to teach a credo of antimaterialism and brotherly love. His disciples were exhorted to abandon their homes, bank accounts, and sex lives and follow the faith unquestioningly, with absolute humility.

In return, Jones would work the miracle that these souls had failed to discover elsewhere: He would give their lives, and their deaths, significance, make them feel that their existence was not an absurd joke but a contribution toward the building of the more perfect world that he envisioned.

Did he delude them? The question is not as easily answered as one might think. Certainly, the rotten lives Jones granted these souls would not be some folks' cup of tea. But the harsh facts seem to be, first, that most of these people preferred what Jones gave them to what American society had given them and, further, that they took their poison punch willingly.

Whether a joyous martyrdom for Jones or any other cause is preferable to a wretched life is not a question one person can answer for another.

The disparagers of America, like *Pravda*, take the Jonestown suicides as evidence of the corruption of American life. Indeed, the news was not the sort to make any American particularly proud. But should we feel guilty? Should we vow to eradicate sects, or to take steps to preclude repetition?

If one's answer is yes, the question becomes "How?" Is the trade-off for enjoying freedom of religion, speech, and thought that the minority who do not have the good luck to discover a sensible faith or the confidence to live without one may fall prey to zealous hucksters like Jones?

Was the Bill of Rights intended for the protection of Jimmy Jones and the hundreds of other two-bit demagogues who gather the lost and lonely unto their persons and strip them clean of wealth and identity? If not, how can a country, so many of whose Founding Fathers were perceived in their day as religious maniacs, take it upon itself to determine which law-abiding sect is unacceptable and which is not?

In totalitarian societies, where religion tends to be mandated, emotional weaklings are spared the trauma of choosing a faith. By guaranteeing an opportunity for iconoclasts to think and preach what they want, the American Founding Fathers opted for creative confusion and, occasionally, trauma over sullen conformity.

This does not mean, though, that we should simply shrug off a Jonestown as the price we must pay. Just as pain is a distress bulletin from the body, Jonestown is an SOS from a sector of society for whom the American promise is ashes. While we can restore neither the lives nor the hopes of the dead, we can listen for and heed the pleas of the tens of thousands of others who might have ended up strewn around the People's Temple like so much detritus.

Indeed we *must* listen. In a totalitarian society, no man need help his brother: Big Brother supplies all. The obligation for each individual to take active responsibility for his fellow man is part of what makes democracy such a vital quandary. —CARLL TUCKER

"What I can't wait to find out is whatever happened after the Checkers speech."

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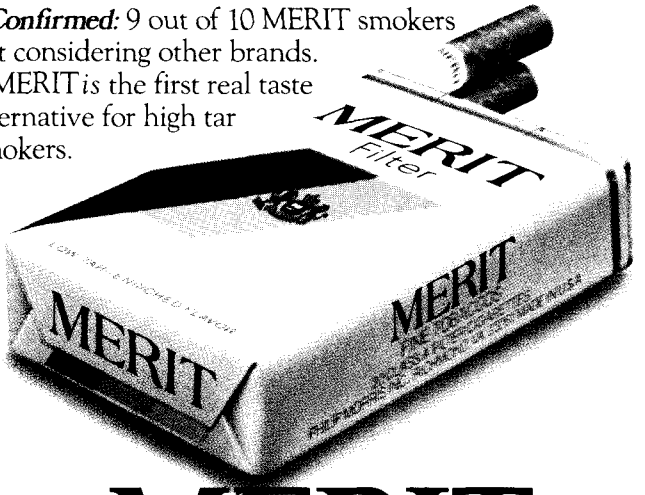

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